

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

The storm of last Friday night, while it was disastrous beyond the computation of those who do not know the extraordinary expense of replacing the telegraph and telephone wires and poles, may have at least one good result, the teaching of the companies that while the first expense of putting wires underground is doubtless great, the maintaining of overhead wires is subject to many interruptions of business and the expenditure of so much for repairs that the underground system will ultimately be found to be cheaper. Had the companies taken warning, as they might have done, five hundred men knocking the ice off the main lines would have prevented the enormous destruction of property which resulted. It seems odd to me that companies supposed to be managed by men of executive ability should wait until the disaster has happened. The employment of the number of men I suggest might have cost six or seven hundred dollars; it will cost at least five times that amount to repair the damage done.

Poles and wires can be replaced, but many trees which were the pride of the city have been almost ruined by the sleet and the falling poles and wires. All night long while the storm was raging, I listened to the creaking of the ice-laden boughs and the crashing of the falling limbs. To me there is no more mournful sound than the crooning of a storm wind through sighing trees. It might have been ghosts or human beings in despair, and their cries could not have made the night much more dismal. When, however, the trees begin to break, and crash succeeds crash, one could almost imagine that the world was coming to an end. There is something so human about a tree that when one has watched it grow until its shadow will save a band of children from the sun, it seems like a wanton and heart-breaking misery when the branches bend and break, and the bole splits, and the fine shapely maple lies crushed and broken on the ground. Many of the trees that have been destroyed might have been saved had the city gardeners trimmed them properly in the fall. It would be a very small addition to the public expense if our trees and boulevards were a little better cared for. Of one thing I am glad, the tumbling down of the wires that have been destroying our trees may lead to their removal to an underground conduit, and then our shade-loving beauties will have a chance to be as shapely as nature intended them to be.

The news comes to us from nearly every center of population in the United States of most extraordinary destitution. Chicago appears to be feeding a hundred thousand of the starving unemployed; Detroit is threatened with half as many others who have nothing to do and nothing to eat. Taking these cities as examples of the overcrowding of commercial and industrial centers, we may moralize on the folly of people deserting the land upon which a small certainty can be found, yet those acquainted with rural neighborhoods cannot forget that according to the population they too possess quite as many who half the year are almost, if not entirely, destitute. The majority of people who live in a country village are idle all winter. A little cottage on the roadside is probably inhabited by a widow or an old couple who take odd jobs. The hut at the cross-roads is generally the home of a widow or the wife of a cripple who goes out doing washing; the county poorhouse, if there be one, is well filled, and while I have no statistics upon which to base my statement, I imagine that the percentage of poverty is pretty well equalized the world over.

Does the world owe each of us a living? It has been said that the man who takes the affirmative is dangerous to a community, inasmuch as he is likely to take the living by night if he cannot earn it by day. It is urged that the chief sign of civilization is the holding of human life sacred. If this be true, we must not only protect the man, woman and child from assassination, but from starvation. How are we to do it? To-day there is a crowd of tramps extending from San Francisco to New York, and from Quebec to New Orleans. These men say that they cannot find work. Some of them have tried and failed, others have failed to try. Our prohibitionist friends are continually telling us that liquor has incapacitated millions from making a living, nor are they forgetful to obtrude upon us the statistics of ill-treated and starving wives and families whose poverty is traceable to intemperance. Let us admit that in Canada there is a large army of unemployed who are willing to work, that tons of thousands are suffering because the bread-winner is unemployed; let us admit that there are thousands who, owing to the drink-habit, are worse than unemployed; let us confess that there are thousands of children, some of whom we are educating in industrial schools, while others we are permitting to grow up in idleness and vice. Having confessed judgment in these matters, we come to the same old question, what are we going to do about it? I am of the opinion that the world owes every man, woman and child a living, and if he or she does not know how to make it that it is the duty of the community to provide the task and the taskmasters, arrange the pay, and see that the work is attended to. If a man does not know how to take care of himself, or if he cannot find work, then it becomes the duty of those who are in charge of government to provide the labor and the restrictions. In this and in all other countries we build public works,

sometimes because we have to, sometimes because the people demand an expenditure of money. A government should possess sufficient foresight to arrange years in advance of their absolute necessity sufficient public work to employ the indigent, the intemperate and the vicious. Whether it be in constructing a ship canal in or by the St. Lawrence enabling ocean vessels to reach the Upper Lakes, in the construction of colonization railroads, the diverting of rivers in order to produce power and water in localities where needed, in the development of mines, there should always be sufficient going on to prevent the excuse of "no work." If shelter, raiment and coarse but nourishing food are supplied, the man will not die, and if to these be added say twenty-five or fifty cents a day for the support of his family, great burdens would be removed from municipalities, opportunities for obtaining work would be provided for the decent and careful, and works of great value to the whole country would be constructed.

No doubt it would be difficult to prevent tramps, intemperate persons and those viciously inclined from occasionally escaping from the crude prisons connected with such public works. Admitting this and taking the narrowest grounds, it would mean the expulsion of such people from the country. They could not return to the community from which they came, because they would be re-arrested. Their photographs would be in every police station, prison, shelter and home for the poverty-stricken from one ocean to the other. The result, if it would not be philanthropic in the sense of providing a decent livelihood, would be expatriation; whichever phase we might accept of it would be beneficial to the country, easy to our conscience and would prevent those dreadful phases of socialism which are demanding in vain some small share of life's necessities and venting the fury of their disappointment by throwing bombs and mutilating the innocent.

In connection with the problem of the unemployed, I notice a report in this week's papers of the sayings of the Rev. Dr. Galbraith. He argues that there is no overproduction; that is to say, the producing powers of the world by no circumstances create a glut in the market. If he said that and had reference to the commercial world in which business is done, he could not have known what he was talking about. Of course there are savages who could wear all the boots and plug hats and silk shirts that are made, and probably would wear them if they were presented with the articles, but in the routine of business it is absurd to imagine that the great mills and the millions of operatives do not sometimes overstock the market. Furthermore, he said that "the under-consumption was the result of extravagance in drink and tobacco and of idleness." This also is rubbish. If he would read the reports in the daily newspapers he would find that mills shut down, sometimes a dozen of them at a time, each one of them throwing out of employment from two to five hundred men. Their idleness is owing to overproduction; their poverty and inability to consume that which has been manufactured is owing to the fact that they are earning nothing. Whiskey and tobacco and the love of loitering have nothing to do with these things. Whether they go to church or not may influence their saving propensities, but in hard times when neither a man nor any member of his family is making anything, everything must necessarily tend towards "under-consumption," as he calls it. If the report I read is correct, he stated that "the unemployed belong to two classes, those who could not get work and those who would not work." In this he admits that there is a class who cannot get work. Does he class all these people under the heading of those who are extravagant in drink and tobacco and who love idleness? I should imagine not, as he has the other heading for those who do not want to work. He argued that "the remedy was the increase of primary production." By this I imagine he means the production of materials from the soil, the sea, the forest and the mine. In this I think he is correct, but how can primary production be promoted when the manufactured products

are unsalable? I believe that the employment of the intemperate, the vagrant, the vicious and the variously unemployed on primary production is the basis for producing food enough at a reasonable price to comfortably feed, clothe and house the world. If this be attended to, his next statement that "the greater distribution, suppression of the liquor traffic and moral suasion will be found to accommodate themselves to the circumstances," will be found superfluous. If the labor of the indigent, the intemperate, the vicious and those who have not brains enough to take care of themselves were employed on primary production or building transportation routes for the cheaper distribution of materials, the rest of mankind and womankind would find opportunities to take care of themselves. It would not be necessary to suppress the liquor traffic if every man who was found notoriously damaging his prospects, injuring his family and annoying the community by the use of intoxicants were put at the task of "primary production" where someone looked after him and made him work. It is

needed was some apple-sauce, heavy bread and some weak tea to complete the description of a "frugal meal." The poor old man it seems had been taking good care of the pennies, and had gone to market with the poultry that we improvident people would have eaten had we been in his place. I imagine he was like the other farmer, recently described in a telegram, who kept his money in the bed and had it burned while there. In fact, he must have been, as a hundred and odd dollars was found secreted under a mattress when the detectives examined the place. I have arrived at that state of mind when I would rather spend money and have the value of it, than keep it. These frugal people, these industrious people who like "the busy bee improve each shining hour," seem somehow to get swindled, robbed and murdered, while the burglars let poor fellows like myself live to grow fat, and no one ever thinks of murdering us or undertaking the impossible task of robbing us. Really it is much better to remove the temptation from vicious people and to have the good of one's money, than to hoard it up and ultimately have the coroner come in and scrape one's alleged brains off the supper table and gather one's clothes from the barn and back pantry in order to get enough together for an inquest. We are all of us too busy toiling and mulling and hoarding, to the utter death of our best impulses and without regard to the good we might do if we tried.

The funeral of ex-Mayor W. H. Howland was an example of a tribute of respect, gratitude and love that I have never seen equaled. It will not be considered improper for me to say that as a public man I considered he was by no means a success, but as a private individual I feel sure that he was better loved than any man in the city, that his voice brought more peace to more people than that of any other man in our midst, and his generosity and sympathy and his untiring efforts to be gentle and generous were manifestations of a truly loving and Christian helpfulness and hopefulness that we very seldom see exhibited. At his death we shall not see him chronicled amongst the millionaires, yet I would rather die, and die comparatively young, as he did, and be mourned as he was and will be, than have a procession ten miles long and a monument a mile high. One means the sweetest success, the most beautiful success of a life well lived; the other means a cruel hardness of power, wealth, the emptiness of grandeur and the sycophancy of fools. When we compare the hard, cold life of the poor farmer who with his wife was murdered, while taking care of their dollars and living on scanty fare in order to market everything that was toothsome to eat, we get a better grasp of the meaning of living and the permanent result of dying than by any other means, or I should not import into this paragraph the horror of a murder in order to bring out in brighter lights the death of one around whose casket the poor gathered in groups and shed their tears to the softening, I hope, of the other groups of "the most representative people of the city," and that the glory of individual exertion might shine upon us all and perhaps lead some of us to better works and kinder sayings.

SATURDAY NIGHT office being next to the Grand Opera House and in the same building, I see the long line of lads and embryo dudes who stand and watch the people come out, staring at the women and leering in the faces of pretty girls as if they had never seen anyone of the female sex before. We call them the kindergarten class when they block up our doorway and crowd in front of the window. Who are these boys anyway, and what are they looking for? The majority of them smoke cigarettes, affect loud overcoats and are trying to grow a mustache. They have no idea how ridiculous they look or how bad their manners are. If I discovered a boy of mine standing round as they do, I think I would take him by the collar and march him home and either spank him or send him to bed. They are not warned by the disdainful looks of those who pass them that hanging around the door of a theater is bad form and exceedingly disagreeable to the ladies who are forced to pass the inspection of these pup gallants. It is only the courtesans and painted women, whose acquaintance these boys should never have, who delign them a look or even a professional smile. When they do get a glance from the bold eyes of women who are looking for money, they are so over-delighted that they nudge one another and grin, and sometimes follow after the dangerous women whose snarls are laid for everybody. For six years I have noticed this performance and have always felt like writing about it, but it is an unpleasant subject and I hope a paragraph will be enough to suggest to fathers and mothers that they tell their boys to avoid this unwholesome and unseemly display of themselves.

This may be used as an argument against theaters. People may say that if there were no theaters these cigarette-smoking lads would not have an opportunity of peering into faces and nudging one another and snickering, to the defilement of their own self-respect. The same sort of thing can be noticed at the doors of popular churches on Sunday evenings, particularly those largely attended churches away from the center of the city. You can see the same business around the doors of a country church, where ungainly young men who have not learned how to behave themselves gather in groups and watch the pretty girls get into buggies and wagons to go home. In cities the police should see that this thing is not repeated matinee after matinee, and night after night. The gang of hangers-on and would-be duds should be dispersed. Parents, however, are responsible for forgetting to tell their boys that nothing so stamps a lad with the mark of uncivil imbecility as this tendency to exhibit his puppyishness on every conceivable occasion. Whether it be in front of a church or a theater, it makes no difference; it is not good for the boy, and it is abominably unpleasant to those who have to run the gauntlet of any such string of immature onlookers.

It would have been a graceful and well appreciated act of non-partisanship if the Government had given the Lieut. Governorship of New Brunswick to Hon. Peter Mitchell instead of to Chief Justice Fraser. He was one of the Fathers of Confederation, was a Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and he is now becoming an old man. He would have filled the place, had he been given an opportunity, with generous dignity. He has been an Independent in politics, and though he has displayed much bitterness because he felt that Sir John Macdonald had not treated him fairly, yet there is a lurking regard in the hearts of all Liberals and Conservatives alike for "Sir Peter," as he is called by those who are intimate with him. He has had many reverses, but he has a bright brain and has contributed much to the counsels of his country. As this appointment has been made, why not make "Sir Peter" a senator? The newspaper men all over Canada would be glad to hear that such an appointment had been made; they would feel in their hearts that there was not in it a bit of narrowness, partisanship or self-profit on the part of the Government. New Brunswick would be suited, for to-day there is not a man of "Sir Peter's" capacity in the whole province who has been so thoroughly neglected as "Sir Peter" Mitchell. As "Sir Peter" was an Independent of recent years, and as this is the day for Independents, Sir John Thompson could not endeavor himself more to the Independent voters of Canada than by making an appointment which will prove that an old and valued servant of the country shall not be anathema because he had courage enough to follow his own convictions.

DON.

## Social and Personal.

Unless the weather again proves unpropitious, the first meet of the Toronto Riding and Driving Club will be held this afternoon. The members and their fair charges will assemble at The Guns in the Queen's Park at 4.30 p.m., and after a two hours' drive will proceed to Stanley Barracks (as the New Fort is now called), where Colonel Otter and the officers of the R.C. School of Infantry will be at Home to the club. After dinner and a dance the return home will be made at 11 p.m. The last part of the programme will be carried out, whether there is sleighing or not. The meet should be a pretty sight, as there will be several tandems and probably a couple of four-in-hand sleighs.

As regards public balls, there will be no more important event this season than the Toronto Cricket Club ball, which is to be held at the Pavilion on Friday, January 26. The arrangements are in the hands of the following committee, whose names are guarantees of the success of the affair: Messrs. R. W. Jones, chairman, D. W. Saunders, R. D. McCulloch, P. C. Goldingham, W. R. Wadsworth, J. E. Hall, J. M. Lainez, W. J. Fleury, Lally McCarthy, W. R. Ketchum, J. Wright, C. N. Shanly, H. Montzambert, Major Cosby and Judge Street. Mr. Stewart Houston as hon. secretary-treasurer is the right man in the right place.

Mrs. Nordheimer's At Home the other day was but the overture; on Wednesday the curtain rose in earnest, and under the most brilliant auspices Miss Nordheimer made her debut. As a leader of society for many years, but who has not lately entertained on a large scale, Mrs. Nordheimer's invitation to a ball could not but be welcomed with acclamation. Glenedyth, than which there is no house better adapted for the purpose, looked its best on Wednesday. The smartest frocks are always reserved for a "swagger" private ball; at Glenedyth this was conspicuously the case. Corlett was in good form, the floor was excellent. The dozen or more reception-rooms that had been thrown open were thronged, and only the hall was ever overcrowded. The supper was superlative. All these things make for success, and Mrs. Nordheimer attained it.

Mr. and Mrs. Beatty gave a large dinner party on Monday evening in celebration of the birthday of Miss Amy Beatty. Covers were laid for twenty-two. The scheme of table decoration was so artistic and beautiful that for the edification of other hostesses it were well to describe it. Large love knots of eau de Nile

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BY FRANCIS MORRISON.

The morrow dawned fair and smiling, but it brought no familiar rap to the girl's door, no beat, beat of the well beloved boots upon the stair. The sewing machine whirled and the prickled first finger flew, and no one cared or commended save the mechanic, who gaped in his clumsy way from across the road and was sorry. That was just a specimen of the many days that followed, till one day when an order came for a grand satin dress to be worn at an equally magnificent ball. You wouldn't think there could be much sentiment in a ball dress; there is, though, quite a lot, and the dressmaker made herself a trifle more miserable by allowing it to envelop her like the shimmering folds she cut and snipped. She saw herself as his wife, sailing downstairs with yards and yards of train trailing behind her. She imagined him coming out of the library and giving a little start of surprise that she could look so fair. He would touch her arm just there, perhaps kiss it, and would admire the folds of lace about her shoulders. Then he would fold a splendid cloak about her and they would drive—Whirr—whirr—snip—snap, the thread was broken and the dressmaker's eyes were shining.

It was done at last and lay in its big box, very dainty and desirable, with storms of lace and billows of tulle. The dressmaker was to take it home.

They glared at her in the street car because her bundle was so big, but the mechanic happened to be going west too, and he took care of her and paid her fare, which was a great saving, for, you must remember, the cash-box was empty. She crept in at a side door of the big house and was ordered upstairs to see if any alterations were needed.

The lady for whom the dress was made was a very lovely lady and her smile went to the dressmaker's heart. After a little stitching and snipping the lovely lady pronounced herself ready. "You come to the top of the stairs," she said to the girl, "and watch me as I go down and see if the tail hangs quite perfectly." Then she clasped another bracelet about her white wrist and the dressmaker followed her into the hall, and leaned over the banister with her head on one side to criticize. The lady sailed downstairs with yards and yards of train trailing behind her. Then, then—He came out of a room below



She received a grand satin ball dress to make,

and gave a little start of surprise. He touched her arm—yes, kissed it—and made some remark about the lace upon her shoulders. Then he wrapped a splendid cloak about her and they got into a carriage and drove—

The dressmaker found herself out in the street clinging to the arm of the mechanic and telling pitiable, choking lies about a headache and faintness. The mechanic saw quite easily through the demi-toilet of truth in which she dressed her taradiddles, and was extremely compassionate throughout. When he left her at her home and went to his, she crept out again and went to a chemist's and stammered out a request for poison, but the man looked suspiciously at her and asked her to go elsewhere. She went to the bridge, but the water frightened her more than her misery, and she knew how ugly she would be in a few hours. Her woman's vanity saved her from suicide and sent her shivering home, where she made a nice warm fire of notes and withered flowers and one or two other little things he had given her. There was something rather ghastly in the warming of her chill fingers with such fuel, but the heat was just the same as that which came from coal or wood bought and paid for. At last she got down a book of poems, Moore's, and read most carefully through *When Love is Kind*:

But when love brings  
Headache or pang,  
Tears and such things,  
Love may go hang.

She kept repeating to herself, "Love may go hang—go hang—go hang," and by and by she grew sleepy and almost believed that she really had assisted at the suspension of the god. The pain grew duller and fainter and further away, almost forgotten. Surely this sweet peace was death; surely this forgetfulness was more than sleep. She awoke with a start and went on reading:

With all my soul then let us part,  
Since both are anxious to be free,  
And I will send you home your heart  
If you will send mine back to me.

Ah, that was it. If he would send her heart

back to her. He couldn't! He couldn't! That was not his home. She tried defiance again, with the tears rolling down her face. She tried prayer with wild insubordination surging through her heart; she tried resignation with scoffing and mocking; it was all no good. At last she dropped asleep with the tears undried upon her face.

The ending to this romance is so very simple that I am almost ashamed to tell it, and would not do so, indeed, unless I could assure you that it is quite true in every detail.

A year had passed and the little dressmaker still occupied the room with the daisy pots. It was towards ten in the evening and a lamp stood upon the sewing-machine so that you could see into the room. The journalist stood below in shabby clothes, with a remarkably close cropped head and peculiarly knotted knuckles. It looked as though he had been doing some hard work at last. Three times he retreated and stared up towards the window as if not quite sure of his reception. At last he did go up and the dressmaker opened the door. She was not much changed after all, and she gave a scream of astonishment and held out both hands to him.

"Hush, not a word," she cried. "I forgive you; come in, come in."

He went in and sat down by the window and stared at the mechanic, who looked remarkably at home.

"Hullo," said the mechanic stiffly, and the journalist answered tremblingly, "Hullo."

The little dressmaker gave him tea, and sitting down upon the rocking-chair tipped it with her foot just as she had done a year ago. There was a long pause broken by the journalist. He said:

"Oh, Evie, Evie," and fell forward with his face upon the table as he had done before for the benefit of the mechanic.

She went over to him and patting his shoulder said, "Don't, my dear, don't," as one who speaks to a crying child.

They remained like that for a long time, the thoughts of each one buried in the past, while the coals dropped from the grate—the same grate that had swallowed up his letters—and the lamp flickered upon the sewing-machine.

"Did you mean it?" he asked.

"Mean what?"

"That you forgive me."

"Didn't I say so?"

"Yes, but—"

"I have nearly always told the truth."

"Whisper, Evie, I can't talk with that fellow staring so. Will you take me back?"

"That's quite another matter."

The mechanic coughed warningly and the dressmaker reproached him with her eyes.

"I know I don't deserve it."

"You don't, indeed."

"You needn't hit me when I'm down."

"I'm not. I'm only agreeing with you. How is your cousin?"

He started up angrily and turned towards her. The mechanic thought he was going to strike her and stood up expectantly, but the journalist sat down again and hid his face in his hands.

"You know that too, then?"

"Of course I do."

"Anything else?"

"Everything," glancing at his hands.

"And that is why—"

"Oh, no; there is quite another reason."

The mechanic coughed again.

"Can't you send him away, Evie?"

"Not very well."

"All right; I'll ask him."

"You'd better not."

"I will. I say, Bryant, are you never going?"

"No," said the mechanic.

"What does he mean?"

"Ask him yourself."

"Bryant, what do you mean?"

"That's another thing."

"Tell him," said the dressmaker.

"We're married," said the mechanic, with his eyes upon his wife.

### Art and Artists.

The O. S. A. Sketch Exhibition is extremely interesting and offers numerous clever suggestions for fine pictures. F. S. Challenger's collection has great merit and his many little bits in oils are both bright and realistic. Miss G. Spurr has some lovely scraps of scenery, one in particular, a Welsh moorland. She certainly has made the most of her subject. F. M. Bell-Smith, as usual, shows a master hand in his water color sketches of a Japanese lady and also a girl's head. W. Blatchley exhibits some extremely bright and effective figures. Art league sketches from life are shown by G. A. Reid, many of which one recognizes as sketches of his finished pictures. Some also are rather simple exhibits from a man of his standing. In C. M. Manly's collection one notices at once an art league study which is particularly strong and well drawn. Mr. Matthews, O. P. Staples, Miss Adams, W. A. Sherwood, W. E. Atkinson, H. Martin and T. Mower Martin are all well represented and J. A. Radford with architectural sketches. Gustave Hahn shows some heads and also oak leaves which are very pleasing. R. J. Licence has some good work. There are also many others, good, bad and indifferent, that I have not space to enumerate, but I can promise that the gallery is well worth visiting to pass a pleasant and profitable hour in.

The first quarter of an hour spent in the sketch exhibition of the Toronto Art League's cosy rooms convinces one of the appropriateness of their motto *non clamor sed amor*, for surely nothing but the love of nature could have given such glimpses of her in all moods. This is the general impression one gets of the entire exhibition. There is an out-of-door freedom in nearly all the contributions, which the art faddist who "makes" pictures within the narrow confines of the four walls of a studio cannot accomplish. The display is mostly composed of the work of the members done on their weekly sketching trips during the past summer and autumn. The life studies made at their winter session were crowded out for lack of room. But as our readers saw from our edition of last week, and in the Art League calendar, there is ample evidence of the real strength of this society when it comes right

down to straight drawing. One could not ask for more convincing results of the practical benefits which the classes of the League furnish. Great advancement is noticeable in some of the work, Miss Hancock's water colors being one notable example. One particularly attractive little gem is a bit of orchard, and there are many others by the same young lady which impress one most favorably. F. H. Bridgen shows up strongly in out-door stuff, both in water colors and black and white, his wash drawings being probably the best. Miss G. E. Spurr exhibits some of the delightful bits of color which have made her work so popular, and she has some of her quaint cottages. Mr. C. M. Manly is, of course, a tower of strength, for as well as having a choice collection at Bain's gallery, he shows here in all methods the results of many summer rambles. It would be superfluous to speak here of his many excellent water colors, but apart from this we have pen drawings with character in every line and his versatility is shown in the black and white sketch of a bit of bay front in winter, with the propeller in winter quarters. Miss J. M. Adams' exhibits are mostly in oil and consist chiefly of impressions whose rich warm colors at once attract the eye. Mr. W. D. Blatchley's many water colors of autumn and summer show that he is a worker and there is much rich color in his autumn sketches. Mr. A. H. Howard has some landscape pencil sketches and water colors, in addition to his splendid decorative designs. Mr. R. W. Crouch, now of New York, also contributes several pleasing designs in delicate colors. Mr. C. W. Jeffreys and Mr. D. F. Thomson are both strong in pen and ink and wash drawings. Mr. Thompson's autumn bits are poems of color. Mr. R. Holmes shows some of his pen drawings of flowers, characteristic of his faithfulness to nature. Mr. O. P. Staples' little collection of oils are worth more than a passing notice, and show great advancement over former efforts. Among other contributors Miss Macklin, Miss Hegler, Miss Studly, and Messrs. Jephcott, Alexander, Sam Jones, Kelly, Wilson and Jewell show many excellent results of their summer outings, and we regret space will not permit us to individualize further. A feature of much interest to the visitor is the display of original drawings made for the souvenir calendar with the photo engravings, which are a credit to Mr. Fred Bridgen's careful supervision in touching of the blocks.

L. R. O'Brien is also holding an exhibition and for delightfully pleasing pictures, both in feeling, tone and colors, Mr. O'Brien cannot be surpassed. His misty effects, autumn tints and the reflections in his pretty river subjects show that he knows and chooses the most beautiful spots to paint. His Lake Memphramagog is very fine. A road to Roseau and Shadow River I particularly noticed, though it's hard to pick out any especial few when all are so good.

### He Was Discouraged.

I was, for the sake of a view, climbing one of the rough peaks among the mountains of West Virginia one day, when I came to a very skippy kind of a cornfield far up the mountain with a log cabin at one side of it.

A man and a woman were hoeing corn and four or five children were pulling up the weeds. Work was immediately suspended when I appeared in sight, and I halted the man to know the short cut to the summit. He came over to the brush fence and after he had given me some instructions I asked him if he owned the farm.

"It's nup an' tuck, stranger," he said, "whether I own the farm or hit owns me."

"How many acres have you?"

"Wal, thar's five hundred in the track, but thar's only erbout forty ez kin be worked, an' thar's lays right 'round here."

"Did you buy it or did somebody leave it to you?"

The man's sallow face showed a faint blush. "Stranger," he said sheepishly, "I bought it, er leasways I traded a mule fer hit."

"A good mule?" I enquired with a laugh.

"Wal, he was good enough fer me to a rid outen this dern country with, if I'd had sense enough."

"You didn't live here, then?"

"No, I come from Kaintucky."

"Why don't you sell the farm if you don't like it?"

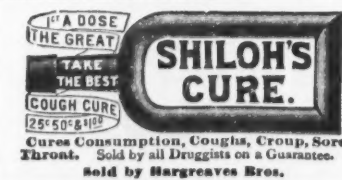
"Sell it, stranger?" he asked in open-eyed astonishment. "W'y' thar ain't ernuther ez doggoned big fool ez I am in the whole country."

"Then trade it for a yellow dog and kill the dog," I said, making the old gag.

"I ain't got no gun," he said with a short laugh. "I've got a plan, though, I went on more hopefully. 'I'm goin' to wait till that mule I traded fer the place gets so old he's wuthless an' then I'm goin' to trade back.'"

"Can you do that?"

"Course I kin," he said confidently, then dropped back to the hopeless tone again, "but mules is sich continuin' critters thar ain't no tellin' how long I've got ter wait," and he resumed his hoe and I went on up the mountain.—*Detroit Free Press.*



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## Social and Personal

Continued from Page One.

ribbons, with dainty American beauty roses, the pale pink tints of which were in admirable harmony with the ribbons, with cut glass and rich damask, made a very chaste and pretty effect, the exact idea for the birthday dinner of a young lady. Among the guests were: Col. and Mrs. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Macdonald, Mrs. J. Batty, Misses Trixie Hoskin, G. Gooderham, Maggie Gooderham, Lella Mackay, and Messrs. Miles, Wyatt, Cronyn, Henderson, and Jack Macdonald.

Mrs. Arthurs gave a large progressive euchre party on Tuesday last. The beautiful and artistic salons of Mrs. Arthurs' palatial home on Davenport Hill were filled with quartette tables and quartettes of young people who essayed to win the elegant prizes prepared for the victors. Thirteen tables were set for the game.

Miss Grand of 64 Brunswick avenue gave a small luncheon party last Thursday in honor of Miss Brown of Winnipeg, who is spending the winter in Toronto. Among those present were: Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland, Miss Huson Murray, Mrs. T. G. Bright, Miss Rowan, Miss A. Murray. All much enjoyed Miss Grand's amusing yet interesting description of New York, where she has been spending the autumn with her brother.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Laybourn of Northfleet, England, were among the visitors at Government House last week. Mrs. Laybourn, before her marriage, was the charming Mrs. Wallis, well known in Montreal society as well as in this city. She and her husband intend passing the winter in the Dominion, as the latter, who is interested in public affairs in the Old Country, is desirous of gleaning all the information he can on Canadian men and women.

Mrs. O'Brien's tea on Saturday week was a most delightful affair, and in spite of the rain her friends attended in large numbers. The picturesque studio, where tea was served, is always interesting from its treasures of the painter's art—the work of the master of the house—and always bright and cheery with the gracious welcome and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien.

A correspondent in Quebec tells me that the talk of the ancient city is Colonel and Mrs. Wilson's approaching ball at the old Chateau Frontenac. The Chateau is being specially prepared for its new purpose, and a special train will bring guests from Montreal. In fact, the affair will be on a scale which has not been attempted for very many years in Quebec, even by the Governor-General in their quarters in the Citadel.

Miss Alma McCollum of Peterboro' is visiting her uncle, Rev. J. H. McCollum of Bathurst street.

Miss Edna Lee returned home last Saturday.

Miss Marjorie Campbell is visiting Miss Hodgins of Bloor street west.

The Japanese artist, Mr. Yoshiro T. Saito, has had the honor of some smart criticism both as to the class of his critics and their verdict on his painting, Meadow Creek, now on view at Ellis's Art Room. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick looked in last Wednesday, also Mrs. and Miss Nordheimer, Mrs. Arthurs, Mrs. and Miss Gooderham, Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mrs. Ever Ward, Mrs. J. F. W. Ross, Mrs. Kay, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Mrs. Cockburn, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Ridout, Mrs. Fuller and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Strickland of Mackenzie crescent, entertained informally at dinner on Wednesday evening of last week. Amongst the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. D'Eyncourt Strickland, Messrs. Alec. and Rowland Strickland.

A pretty evening was given at Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's on Grove avenue last Saturday. Music and cards were the order of the evening, which was necessarily early.

Mr. Arthur Boulton, who has been so ill in Chicago, has returned to Toronto quite well for a short vacation.

Miss Grace Stewart, sister of Prof. Stewart of Toronto University, is staying with Mrs. Arthur Denison.

The students of the Harbord street Collegiate Institute held the annual Christmas concert of their literary society on Wednesday.

Miss Tulley has returned from Montreal, where she is exhibiting at the annual picture show, which this year is declared to be one of the best on record.

A charming visitor to Toronto is Mrs. Blackwell, daughter of the late Judge Birney, Minister to the Netherlands.

Mr. Rowland H. Strickland of Lakefield is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Strickland of Mackenzie crescent. Mr. Strickland passed with flying colors the exams at Military College, Kingston, being one of the four highest candidates and securing thereby special military advancement.

Mrs. Clayton Ambury of Walkerville has been very ill at the house since the death of her grandmother, the late Mrs. A. P. Macdonald.

One of the events of the week was the grand concert on Thursday in the Pavilion. All concerts with which Mr. Suckling has been connected seem to be patronized liberally by the best people in the city.

The At Home given by the faculty and students of the Toronto College of Music was a brilliant success. The college hall and adjoining suits of rooms were beautifully decorated for the occasion, while the library was used for refreshments and was found easy of access during the evening. An excellent musical programme was provided, in which the University Glee Club took part, also Mrs. Adamson, Miss Lauretta Bowes, Miss Reynolds and Herr Ruth. There are many pretty maidens amongst the college students

and they represent some of the best families in our city. Mr. and Mrs. Torrington received the guests in a most genial manner, making all feel at home. Mrs. Torrington looked well in a handsome dress of black silk and velvet. Amongst the many pretty dresses I noticed: Miss Dease, who assisted Mrs. Torrington during part of the evening, in pink; Mrs. Webster, white satin; Miss Worthington, white and pink; Mrs. McKinnon, coral pink with pearls; Mrs. Harry Pringle, a dainty costume of heliotrope with diamonds; Mrs. Alfred Mason, in gray silk; Miss Watson was radiant in pink silk with white lace; Miss Petrie of Guelph, white silk with handsome gold trimmings; Miss Lazier looked pretty in pink with chiffon; Miss Brem, a handsome girl with dark hair, wore white satin with gold trimmings; Miss Warden and a host of other young girls wore white. University students were present in large numbers and seemed to enjoy the musical atmosphere.

"By corset, plum and spur,  
By riot, revel, waltz and war,  
By women's work and bills,  
By all the life that flows in  
The everlasting hills;  
If you love me as I love you  
What kille can cut our love in two?"

If this song, or something like it, was not sung this week on the snow-covered heights to the north of the town, it was because Toronto society does not at present include a Kipling. Thrice this week have the steep drives amidst the pines been climbed by happily freighted sleighs, and once, almost en masse, a second time in smaller number, the beau monde has danced and revelled on the summits.

Captain and Mrs. Courtney of Göttingen, England, are staying with friends on St. George street, and will be here until after the New Year.

Miss Marjorie Campbell, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, has taken Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon's house on Spadina road for the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Vernon leave shortly for the milder clime of the Southern States.

The St. George street French Club will not re-assemble until Christmas festivities are things of the past. The next fixture of the club is for January 8 at Mrs. John Cawthra's.

Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnot have left their ranche near Calgary to spend Christmas with friends in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Arbutnot will sail shortly for their home in England, and will not come back until summer.

Mr. A. H. Campbell, junior, of Carbrook, sailed this week from New York for England for a stay of some months.

A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Mr. Fitch of Montreal and Miss Beardmore of Chudleigh, Beverley street. By the marriage Toronto society's great loss will be Montreal's gain.

Mr. Varzant of New York is staying with friends on St. Joseph street.

The dance given by the Polar Club in Davies' Hall on Wednesday evening was not very largely attended, though the energetic committee did their best to arrange a very pleasant evening. While, as at the Grenadiers' ball, those who did come profited by the absence of a crowd, still more people would have helped towards a more successful event. Among the guests I remarked several new faces: Miss Kenricks, an English visitor, in a very smart London dress of clear pink faille with seams and sleeves strapped with dark velvet and iridescent cabuchons; Mrs. Harry Strickland, a recent bride, in her wedding gown of white silk and lace, her sister, Miss Hall, in shell pink with one of the new silver belts, which looked very pretty; Miss Grace Stewart of Banff, sister of Mrs. Arthur Denison, wore a simple white *debutante* frock, and is a very pretty girl; Mrs. Cunningham Dunlop, nee Bennett, another bride, was in an airy black gown, with red ribbon bands; Mrs. Harry Pringle wore a handsome mauve toilette of faille with bands of velvet and very smart sleeves of the same; Mrs. Arthur Denison was in black gauze dotted with snowflakes of chenille; Miss Mabel Ince had a pretty rose pink gown with bertha of Irish lace; Miss Amy Ince wore pale blue; Mrs. Oliphant looked extremely well in her half mourning toilette of black and white; Miss Stella Morton wore a quaint, soft frock of turquoise blue; the Misses Cope were in *demi-toilettes* of red and pale green respectively; Mrs. Galbraith was prettily dressed in white silk with black trimmings; Miss Nellie Smith wore a pale pink frock. The gowns were nearly all fresh and becoming. A fancy dress party is on the tapis, as the next reunion of this hospitable club.

The Misses Alexander of 60 Brunswick avenue welcomed as their guest this week Miss Amy Roberts of New York, who will spend the winter months here.

Miss M. McLeod of Draper street has gone on a visit to her sister at Seaford.

Mr. Paul G. Wickson, the rising young artist of Paris (Ont.), was the guest of his cousin, Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece of Avenue road, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Wickett of Rose avenue entertained a number of friends on Thursday. Mrs. Wickett wore a pretty gown of cream bengaline and Miss Wickett yellow crepe with pale blue ribbons.

Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Vance Graceley, district staff, have taken up quarters at 36 Osceola avenue, Parkdale, where they will be at home to friends every Thursday.

Miss Minnie Boyd of Melbourne, Australia, is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. W. K. McNaught of 98 Carlton street.

On Monday evening a pleasant party of young people who were invited to play the new game Kalamazoo or duplicate whist, at the cozy home of Mrs. Macdougall, Carlton Lodge, spent a delightful evening, all voting the game a great success. Miss Cramer, in whose honor the party

was given, returned to Hamilton the following day.

A fashionable but very quiet wedding was that of Mr. Pelham Edgar to Miss Helen Boulton, which was celebrated on Wednesday at St. George's church. The reception at Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton's residence was attended only by the most intimate friends of the happy pair, but many more were represented by beautiful wedding presents. Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar left by an evening train for a honeymoon in the South. On their return to town after the Christmas holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar will reside at Upper Canada College, where the former is an assistant master.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander have sent out invitations for a dinner on January 3.

A very nice party of people are staying at Mrs. Meade's boarding-house on Jarvis street. Some time ago Mrs. Meade took Mr. Hughes' large residence, just below Bloor street, and the Misses Patterson of D'Arcy Park, Mrs. Richards and her niece, Miss Chaffee, and several other well known people are since domiciled there.

Hon. Edward Blake will be home for Christmas. Mrs. Blake has been staying with her sister, Mrs. S. H. Blake, since Mr. Blake's departure to attend the English session.

Dr. Annie Carreth, who has been practicing in Windsor, has come to Toronto and is living at 10 Carlton street.

Mr. Arthurs gives a dinner on Christmas Day for her guests, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Miller.

Mrs. Beatty will give an afternoon tea on Christmas Day.

Mrs. Mortimer Clarke's euchre party was large and very pleasant. Twelve tables were arranged.

Mr. J. Leonard Kingsman, who has been away for six months, has returned to the city.

Miss Crawford of Belleville is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Cashman of 110 Elm street.

Mr. Thomas Kemp of Montreal is visiting Mr. R. Lundy of 83 Springhurst avenue.

Closing exercises and college concerts are the order of the evening. Normal school and Presbyterian Ladies' College held their re-unions on Thursday evening.

The City Travelers hold their annual ball in the Confederation Hall, Richmond street, on Friday next.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Orr Hastings of 262 Sherbourne street have removed to their new residence, corner Selby and Sherbourne streets. Mrs. Hastings will be at home the first and second Monday in each month.

The Royal Grenadiers will hold their second assembly at Webb's on Tuesday, January 30.

Mr. Arthur Grantham has returned from the far West and will remain in Toronto this winter.

The Misses Grace and Georgie Cope of San Francisco, nieces of Judge Cope, are visiting Mrs. Simpson of St. George street.

Captain Donald McLean Howard of the N. W. Mounted Police is spending Christmas with his parents on Carlton street.

Mrs. Brouse gave a smart tea last Saturday. Miss Brouse, one of this season's brightest *debutantes*, assisted her mother in doing the honors. A very large number of guests were present.

Mrs. Walter Barwick entertained at dinner last Friday. The guest of the evening was Miss Bayard, who is on a visit to Judge and Mrs. Barton.

Mrs. Eber Ward gave a delightful little tea last Saturday.

The little *coterie* at the Arlington is composed of a group of charming people, some of them newcomers. Mr. and Mrs. Forester, Mrs. Theodore King, Mrs. VanKoughnet and Mr. and Mrs. Dickson are of the number.

Some years ago a very sensible plan of giving dances at which "light refreshments" only were served resulted in a number of charming and most successful entertainments, which would never have been held if the trouble and expense of a ball supper had had to be incurred. Toronto people are without the snobishness which exists in one town in Canada at any rate, and which practically forbids entertainments except on the "gorgeous" scale. Give them a good floor and a good band, choose your guests with discretion, discard programmes, and they are quite willing to dispense with the champagne and the boar's head.

Can the officials of the Toronto Street Railway Company explain the inconsistency by which their motormen decline to stop at the Manning Arcade to allow people who are going to the theaters to descend, while at the conclusion of the play King street is blocked by a row of cars awaiting their freight of theatergoers? I have lately seen some fifty people carried on to the corner of King and Yonge streets, all of whom wished to alight at the Arcade, and this in spite of their expostulations.

Miss Bate of St. Catharines, who has been visiting Mrs. Charles Fuller of Rosedale, returned home on Wednesday. On Saturday last Mrs. Fuller gave a small card party for her guest, and a dance this week was on the tapis, but has been postponed for the present, as Miss Bate was obliged to return home.

A *bal poudré* is among the good things promised after New Year. The Ladies' Work Depository are the managers of this charming function, which is sure to be popular and picturesque. I should suggest St. George's Hall for the scene of action. By the way, I am told there are improvements now completed in that handsome building, including the placement of a fine range and consequent facilities for serving a dainty repast. The ladies' dressing-room in the great lodge-room is an ideal

place compared with the coops and makeshifts in our public dance halls.

A very handsome dinner was given recently in the West End at which the table decorations consisted of garlands of roses round each plate, or rather place, white for the ladies and red for the gentlemen. Covers were laid for sixteen, and after a lovely menu the hostess and guests garlanded themselves each with his or her wreath of roses and thus odorously crowned adjourned to the music-room, where a mandolin player and two of the lady guests played and sang delightfully. The whole affair was one of the most charming ever gotten up in Toronto and was in honor of a visitor whose name flower was set forth by the blossoming garlands.

A lady *tres connue*, and always respected and beloved, is Mrs. Patterson, widow of the late Justice Patterson, who has returned from Ottawa and is now residing with her son, Mr. Dickson Patterson, on Huntley street. Mr. Patterson having taken up house there about a month ago.

Miss Nourse, superintendent of the Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, is visiting Mrs. Tomlinson, 384 Sherbourne street. This young lady is a Canadian who has made her way from an unknown arrival in the Windy City to one of the most responsible positions open to the modern woman.

Another charming hostess on Clover Hill, who is having wonders of decoration and beautifying done in her spacious salons, is Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne. Mrs. Osborne is not going out much just now, being in mourning for a relative by marriage, but the little birds foretell a dance before Lent in one of the handsomest homes on the east side. Mrs. Osborne's afternoon *causeries* in the beautiful entrance hall on Tuesdays are among the pretty social re-unions of "the set."

The kind people of St. Peter's congregation turned out largely to the Poor Fund concert on Tuesday, gotten up by Miss Tomlinson, Mrs. Bowes and the University Glee Club. The programme was excellent and encores the rule. After the glee club sang the National Anthem, in which the conservative spirit of the audience evinced itself by hearty co-operation, Mr. and Miss Tomlinson entertained the singers and several ladies at their pretty home on Sherbourne street. A dainty supper, some glee and a carpet dance lasted until midnight.

The ladies of the West End will be glad to learn that a private kindergarten has been opened in the Bank of Commerce building, corner of Spadina avenue and College street, under the able directorship of Miss Webb.

The engagement of Mr. Stuart Heath and Mrs. Porter of Cobourg is announced.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Johnson celebrated their fifteenth wedding anniversary last evening by a party at their home, 28 Gwynne avenue.

Miss J. G. Tweedie, who has been visiting Miss Scott of Listowel, returned last week.

Miss M. Scott of Listowel is spending a few days this week with Mrs. (Dr.) Tweedie of Simpson avenue.

Mrs. Morrison of north Jarvis street gave a large young people's dance on Wednesday evening. The Morrison residence is admirably adapted to an affair of this kind, and the dance was in every way a great success.

Mrs. Tackaberry received Les Hiboux last Saturday in her pretty house on Jarvis street, and was in every way the kind and model hostess. The club will not meet this week, but will have a New Year's Eve re-union at Miss Ellis's on Sherbourne street next Saturday.

The Osgoode ball will soon be *fait accompli*. The Premier has accorded permission to the students to issue invitations to the annual event to which so many look forward each year, and it will be held in the Hall about February 1. Perhaps a little more judgment and discretion in making up the list of guests would add *clat* to this delightful re-union, and at the same time secure a more brilliant *mise en scene*. A public ball must include many different sets, but perhaps a little too much license has sometimes been given, to the decrease of enjoyment for many.

Mr. John R. Mason and Miss Sophia Best were married on December 14 by Rev. Stuart Acheson. It was a quiet affair, only the immediate friends of the contracting parties being present.

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N. B.—Artistic letter and script engraving a specialty.

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The entertain Helpers' Associ street, on Tues a great succe gramme consist selections and picture gallery, onto. The pic very cleverly ex



## Social and Personal.



NE of the closing days of last week was marked by several semi-public reunions which, bidding defiance to the weather, came off with great success. Private parties did not always fare so well, one party of guests finding their carriage way rendered impassable and themselves home-bound by the inopportune fall of a giant tree across the roadway.

Victoria conversations were wonderfully well attended. The handsome halls of the college were filled with that merry-voiced crowd which always gathers at a collegiate reception. An added feature, which made greatly for the success of the reception, was the active corporation of the ladies of the Whitby college, who came down in a silken-robed flock and carried off the honors in a very smart manner. The elan of the not-out-girl on such an occasion makes things go with a will. She gets a taste of pleasure to come when she shall be formally introduced, and with none of society's cares she enjoys herself hugely. The Victoria authorities, like the officers of the 47th in the well known tale, "don't dawdle," not from the same reason, however, a much higher principle being involved. They certainly make many of the guests look longingly at the delightful alippery floors, and listen with aching ears to the excellent music always provided. The concert hall was another attraction, where some clever artists and the University Banjo and Guitar Club furnished a capital programme. I think I owe Victoria an apology for an inexcusable oversight, when in writing of the closing of Osgoode and the University to large assemblies I said that Trinity was now the only place open to us. Those who attend Victoria know that this beautiful pile provides delightful reunions, and that many think them the most enjoyable of any given in the seats of learning. By the way, what miles must have been covered by the promenaders last week! There were some who having found a nook to their liking stayed in it, but the youthful guests generally were eager to move about, to see and be seen. Chancellor Burwash, always popular, grows more and more in favor in the most appreciative and refined minds, and encomiums on his tact, kindness and learning are uttered by our best judges. Toronto is the richer for Victoria and her good and genial principal. A complete report of this affair will be found on our college page.

The Knights of Pythias had a jolly dance at Webb's on the same evening. Ice, rain and snow were powerless to affect the attendance or the spirits of their guests. A feature of this dance was the number of new and pretty frocks worn, making the *coup d'oeil* extremely bright and beautiful. If not exactly of the *jeunesse doree* of Toronto society, yet substantial bank accounts, unfailing good-nature, and exceeding good looks had many representatives, and there was no question of the enjoyment expressed by every bright face. Webb served a bountiful supper, and the best Italian music inspired the light-footed men and maids.

The Elma Club gave a very nice dance on Thursday in St. George's Hall, at which many guests were present. A good many improvements have been made recently in this pretty hall, especially in the basement, where a first-class range and supper facilities are now completed and in place. The lodge-room on the third floor is an ideal dressing-room compared with the makeshifts and cupboards of other dancing parlors.

Mrs. Lash's recent dance was an unusually bright and pleasant event. The spacious house on Grenville street was filled with young people and a scant sprinkling of married folk. Mrs. and Miss Lash received in the south east parlor, and the long west parlor and second reception room were devoted to the dancers. A pretty buffet served with light refreshments was arranged in rear of the dancing-rooms, and supper was served by Webb later on in the dining-room. The sitting-out nooks were very tempting and young people were constantly *en retraite* in their cosy corners. Mr. and Mrs. Lash are noted for hospitality and cordiality and also, be it whispered, for the excellence of the suppers which are always a feature of their parties. Another feature was the absence of wallflowers, the cavaliers being very gallant and numerous. Among the guests were: Mesdames John Lash, Douglas, H. Bethune, who wore a sweet gown of white and blue; Mrs. Anglin, looking charming in pink; Miss Eva Langtry, in a French combination of mauve and green silk; Miss Winnie Thompson, whose charming flower-face was set off by her rich white silken frock. A large number of white dresses were worn, as is usual in a young people's party. The Misses Nellie Lash, Nana Hamilton, Perry and Wallis chose the garb of the lily-white maid; Miss Ince wore a delicate pink dress; Miss Riordan was in pink; Miss Jackson, a bright debutante of the occasion, wore white silk, with posy of red roses; Miss Jones wore a stylish black gown; Miss Dennistoun looked well; Misses Buchanan, Street, Small, Walker, Thompson, Falconbridge (whose is another face that will be missed from the merry crowd for a time), Ethel Miller, Perry, McVitty, Badgerow, Mulock, Lillie and Boulton, Messrs. Douglas, W. and F. Lash, Boyd, Wood, Jackson, Arthur Small, Moss, Barr, McMurich, C. and D. McLean, Macdonald, Bethune, A. Boddy, Rae, J. Buchanan, Ralph, Boulton, Blakie, Hughes, Coulthard, Laidlaw, Parker, Dr. Boulton and others were among the guests.

The entertainment given by the Young Helpers' Association in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Tuesday evening, December 12, was a great success. The first part of the programme consisted of instrumental and vocal selections and readings, followed by a living picture gallery, seen for the first time in Toronto. The pictures and their history were very cleverly explained by Mrs. Sims, formerly



The Solution of the Puzzle.

The above cut shows the path through the maze. The first correct diagram (sent in from a point outside Toronto) came from Mr. F. R. Steele of 151 James street, Hamilton, and he will receive SATURDAY NIGHT free for 1894. The cleanest and best copy was sent in by Miss L. E. King of Lindsay, and she will also receive SATURDAY NIGHT free for 1894. Naturally, several correct solutions were handed in by Toronto readers before any arrived from outside points, but these were barred, although they were not barred in the contest for cleanest copy. We give a list of the first fifty correct solutions received by the Puzzle Editor: (1) Miss E. M. Lake, 126 Clinton street, Toronto; (2) F. L. Blackburn, 171 St. Patrick street, Toronto; (3) P. H. Eyre, 94 Adelaide street, east, Toronto; (4) F. R. Steele, 151 James street south, Hamilton; (5) Miss Pet McIntyre, Hespeler; (6) George Edwards, Jr., Prescott; (7) W. A. Montgomery, Morrisburg; (8) Guy M. Russell, Berlin; (9) J. E. Boswell, Cobourg; (10) A. H. Dunlop, Belleville; (11) J. McD. Leahy, 301 South Division street, Buffalo; (12) E. A. Roe, Newmarket; (13) W. E. Roe, Newmarket; (14) T. Becroft, Barrie; (15) Arthur B. Thompson, Orillia; (16) C. W. Henderson, 393 Carlton street, Toronto; (17) A. G. Crysdale, 621 Yonge street, Toronto; (18) F. M. Spry, Barrie; (19) J. A. Simpson, Chesley; (20) T. Fisher, 1,166 Yonge street, Toronto; (21) H. H. Dalrymple, Georgetown; (22) N. W. Ford, St. Thomas;

of Cobourg. The following ladies and gentlemen took part: Miss Ada Mickie, Queen Elizabeth; Miss Birdie Hope, Queen Nemoine; Miss White, Lady of Olden Days; Miss Mickie, Rebecca, Ben Hur; Miss E. McVitty, Maid Marion; Miss Ada White, Dolly Varden; Mr. S. Over, Christopher Columbus; Mr. L. White, Japanese Prince; Mr. E. Peters, Indian; Mr. Cheap, Friar Tuck. A most enjoyable dance followed the exhibition of pictures.

One might expect at the dinner of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society some degree of excellence, at least in the speeches, and those who thus anticipated were by no means disappointed. Add to this excellence, numerous others, namely in the vands and wines, in the songs and in the work of the orchestra, and you have just about discovered why the dinner was so successful. President R. O. McCullough filled the chair at Webb's on Saturday last, and Mr. McGregor Young was his vice. Among the representatives of the Senior and Junior Bar were: Frank Arnoldi, Q.C.; W. R. Riddell, Q.C.; John King, Q.C.; Wallace Nesbitt, F. W. Harcourt, H. H. Dewart, C. A. Masten, Ed. Bristol, W. E. Burritt, Stewart Houston, D'Arcy Martin, Claude Macdonell, H. M. Mowat, Frank Gray W. L. Hunter. The toast list was short and the speeches equally brief and to the point. Mr. Arnoldi's response to the toast of the Senior Bar was exceedingly happy. Mr. Masten brought down the house by a humorous description of the Junior Bar as "butterflies," in comparison with the student, who was occupied with such weighty matters as playing with the football and hockey teams, and with the Senior Bar on whom devolved the labor of Bonchers' dinner and so forth. Mr. Wallace Nesbitt also spoke in his well known style, and the vice-chairman's proposal of one toast was well received. Songs by various diners were judiciously interspersed, including a topical song by Mr. Morton Jones, who was apparently unwilling that the medical men should be allowed to outshine the legalites in that regard. Mr. Young, Mr. Egan, Mr. Williamson, Mr. A. J. Boyd and Mr. Dofries were among the other singers, and later in the evening Mr. T. A. Baker sang a number of songs in excellent voice. The law abiding and conscientious character of the gathering was evidenced by the fact that Richardson's orchestra, which had discoursed popular music during the banquet, struck up God Save the Queen at a quarter before midnight, and the annual dinner of the society and Junior Bar was over. Specially well chosen and appropriate were the verses and illustrations upon the menu card, notably the picture of "Mr. C. R. respectfully declining a night hood," in which Her Majesty is holding a large sleeping cap to Mr. R., who, candle in one hand, gently deprecates her action with the other.

It is a pity that the engagement of Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry and their splendid company of players in February should be for three nights only. Eight years ago the Lyceum

(23) Miss Lucy Rogerson, Barrie; (24) George F. Downes, Stouffville; (25) W. C. Orr, Stratford; (26) W. Cairnes, Berlin; (27) Miss A. Graham, Perth; (28) J. E. Marsh, Markdale; (29) Vernon Wyld, Parkhill; (30) R. G. Brayley, Niagara Falls; (31) Chas. A. Byrne, 10 Overdale avenue, Montreal; (32) J. A. Adam, 238 Maisonneuve street, Montreal; (33) Miss Mary Watson, Toronto Junction; (34) F. Stevenson, Peterboro'; (35) Mrs. Jemmitt, Parkhill; (36) G. Robertson, Milton West; (37) Malcolm McNeill, Melburne; (38) H. Rainshaw, Acton; (39) Wm. Manderson, 20 Portland street, Toronto; (40) C. H. McMullen, Belleville; (41) Archie J. Dickson, Goderich; (42) Miss Edna Post, Forest; (43) Bert Sharp, St. Marys; (44) W. Crossley, Peterboro; (45) Geo. L. Curtis, 507 Michigan street, Buffalo; (46) Miss Burgess, Port Sandfield, Muskoka; (47) Wallace Judd, Eglinton; (48) Miss V. M. Paterson, Oakville; (49) J. D. Meekison, Strathroy; (50) R. Graham, 48 Cathcart street, Montreal.

The cleanest copy for reproduction, sent in by Miss L. E. King of Lindsay, was the sixty-first to reach the editor. There are two ways of traveling through the maze, the other a trifle more round-about than the one above. Those received from the greatest distance were from M. V. Mulcahy, M.D., Elk Point, South Dakota; J. Elliott Holmes, 9 German street, St. John, N. B., and Miss Mattie D. Woodworth, Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.

company crammed the Grand Opera House for a week. Their "business" will certainly be even better now than then, and the fact that their visit here is to take place in Lent will not militate against its success. To see them is "a liberal education" and a duty.

"Will you run for Mayor this year?" asked a self constituted committee of one, of a popular citizen. "Certainly not. I can't neglect my business," replied the P. C. "Well, I am going to talk to your wife about it." "For mercy's sake don't, or I'll have to run if it ruins me," implored the P. C. And thus is civic and other ambition often supplied.

"Madam, have you the recipe for this pie?" said the tramp. "Yes; would you like to have a copy of it?" replied the good woman. "No, madam; but I should like to destroy the original," said the tramp.—Bazar.

Father McNally (with righteous indignation) "For shame an ye O'Beary; ye're half drunk." O'Beary (apologetically)—"O' know it, yer worship; but it's not my fault. O've shpint all the money O' had."—Puck.

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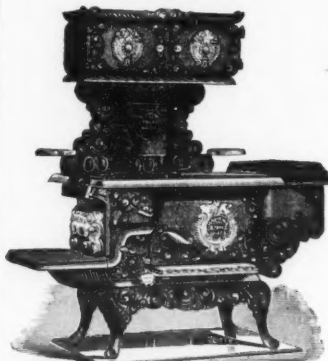


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# MARJORY'S MISTAKE

By ADELINE SERGEANT,

Author of "The Great Mill Street Mystery," "Jacob's Wife," "Sir Anthony's Secret," "Under False Pretences," &c., &c.

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## CHAPTER XLIII.

"Well, I declare," said Mrs. Pawson, "if there ain't a strange gentleman coming up the garden path! Do you know who it is, Selina?" Jenny's defection had left the Pawson household without a drudge; therefore Mrs. Pawson and her daughter were reduced to working for themselves, and were busy at the back of the house when a visitor appeared upon the scene.

Selina put her head out of the kitchen window and surveyed the visitor with interest, but failed to recognize him as anyone belonging to Redwood or Southminster, so far as she knew. A tall, grizzled man, with a scar on one side of his face, in a suit of blue cloth which had a faintly nautical suggestion about it; it was not at all the sort of visitor whom Mrs. Pawson was accustomed to see knocking at her cottage door. It was only eleven o'clock in the morning, moreover, and she was conscious of being more than usually untidy. However, she opened the door herself, after discarding her dirty apron and pulling down her sleeves, and answered, with a fair amount of amiability, the question as to whether she was Mrs. Pawson of Redwood.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Pawson," she said, "and I have lived in Redwood for a good number of years, and what may you be pleased to want?" "First of all," said the man, who, she was quick to distinguish, was not so much of a gentleman as she had at first believed, "with your favor, ma'am, I will just step in and take a chair, for it is warm walking on a day like this, and if you have got such a thing as a drink to offer, it would not come amiss."

Mrs. Pawson was a little taken aback by the man's free and easy behavior, and looked for a minute as if she were inclined to scream to Selina for help. But her visitor stalked unconcernedly into the little sitting room, and established himself at once in the three-cornered wooden chair which had once belonged to Mrs. Pawson's brother, the original owner of the cottage.

"It is a good long tramp from Southminster," said the man, taking out a red handkerchief and wiping his face, "and I have walked from there this morning, having stayed the night at the Bull Inn. If you have a mug of beer, ma'am, you shan't be a loser by it. Here's something to pay my way with," and he rapped a coin on the table.

"I am not an innkeeper," said Mrs. Pawson suspiciously, "nor have I change for golden sovereigns."

"Never mind about the change," said the man, pushing a piece of gold towards her; "you can keep this for your trouble if you will bring me some beer, if you have got it, or a glass of rum and water. I ain't particular, only be quick about it, missus, if you don't mind: for, as I said, it is a hot morning, and I have had a long walk."

Mrs. Pawson was extremely mystified and a little alarmed, but she clutched the golden coin eagerly and went off to draw a jug of beer, which she finally placed with a mug on the table at the man's elbow. He poured out the liquor and made something of a grimace at it as he did so, for it was thin and muddy and most undeniably flat. However, he drank it down with a gulp. Then, setting the mug once more on the table, he planted his elbow firmly on the arms of his chair and looked curiously round the room.

"So this is the place, is it?" he said slowly, "where Jenny Chadwick used to live?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Pawson, in quite a different tone, "so you have come on Jenny Chadwick's business, have you? You don't mean to say that you are a relation of hers?"

"Well, yes I do," said Jerry Strong, in a reflective tone. "I don't know that there is any reason for me to go to a denying of it. I am her mother's cousin, but she calls me uncle, that being a more convenient name. And I thought that as I had business this way I would call in and ask you what sort of a girl she was, for having lived so long with you of course you can tell me what she is like."

"She is a deceiving little hussy, and that is what she is," said Mrs. Pawson with energy. "A lazy little slut, no use to anybody and thinking of nothing but dress and ribbons and such like vanities!"

"Eh!" said Jerry, lengthening out the monosyllable to a prodigious length. "Not quite the sort of a girl for a man to take out to America, I suppose?"

"No, indeed," snapped Mrs. Pawson viciously, "a deal too much good fortune for the likes of her. But of course she will get round you if she can, and very likely tell you that she was ill-treated by me and my daughter, when we was like a mother and a sister to her, and fed her on the fat of the land, and spared her all the hard work we could, for, 'Jenny, my girl,' I used to say to her, 'you ain't strong enough to lift heavy weights and stand about in the cold. You go in by the fire and I'll do your work for you,' and a mother could not have done more. But I daresay she has told you all sorts of tales against me. Those common workhouse girls never turn out well."

"Well, I can't rightly say she has told me tales about you," said Mr. Strong slowly, "for I do not know that I have heard her mention your name more than by way of a passing remark. But I thought I would just step in and thank you kindly for all you have done for the little maid"—if there was a sarcastic intonation in his voice it was not one with which Mrs. Pawson was acquainted—"and that may be you could give me some news of a friend of mine as lives down this way?"

"A friend of yours! And who may that be?" said Mrs. Pawson, sitting opposite to him, with rather a feeling of having been done out of her fair share of battle. She would not have disliked altogether to hear that Jenny had been speaking ill of her behind her back. She would then have had new justification for giving her a thoroughly bad character.

"Well, he is a Mr. Hyde," said Jerry deliberately. "Not that I can rightly call him a

friend of mine, but he was kind to me once and lent me a little money which I want to pay back, for although I ain't a rich man as we count rich men in the States, yet I have got enough for myself and Jenny, and a little over, and I thought I would like to pay my just debts before I went back to New York."

"Very right feeling, too," said Mrs. Pawson, with approbation, "and I am sure Jenny Chadwick is lucky to have a relation like you to take an interest in her. Mr.—Mr.—I don't know that Jenny ever told me your name," she added apologetically.

"Maybe not," said Jerry placidly, "but it is about Mr. Hyde as I am thinking. Is he at home just now?"

"Why, bless you, no," said Mrs. Pawson, forgetting for the moment to press her enquiries about the name in her anxiety to give news. "Mr. Hyde has gone to America, and they say he is going round the world, though I did hear something about his having changed his mind and coming home again pretty soon. But at any rate he is away now."

"What did he go to America for?" "Just to amuse himself, they say, I believe," answered Mrs. Pawson sceptically; "the quality has queer ways of amusing themselves, I think. What on earth he wanted to go to America for after going once and coming back again, tempting Providence, as I always say it is, to cross them seas when you have no occasion to. I am sure he might have been warned by what happened to Mr. Severne."

"Eh, that is the land agent, isn't it?" said Jerry. "I have heard tell of him. And what happened to him, if I may ask?"

"Why, he got shipwrecked," said Mrs. Pawson glibly. "He was in that ship the Aurora, that went down almost in sight of land, as perhaps you have heard?"

"Yes," said Jerry, "I have heard of her." "Well, he got saved by a miracle as you may say," Mrs. Pawson continued, "for nothing would serve Mr. Hyde but he must go after him and bring him back, and a terrible hard job he had of it. Of course young Severne had gone miles away from the sea coast, as was only to be expected, having had enough of the sea for one while I should say."

Jerry Strong's face had assumed a peculiar expression. He looked as if some new and unexpected idea had suddenly occurred to his mind, and as if he were eager to capture and justify it.

"Did Mr. Hyde bring him back?" he asked. "He did," Mrs. Pawson replied, "more dead than alive, and has never been the same since, though Marjory says that he is better now than he has been for a long time."

"And who might Marjory be?" "Marjory? Why, that is my niece, that young Severne married, and did away with all her chances of a fortune from the Hydies by running off with her. She was always very thick with the Hydies, and it is my opinion that the young Squire thought a good deal of her and she might have had a chance of being missus up at the Hall if she had not took up with this Archie Severne. Anyway, she married him and he has led her a dog's life ever since, so I say, and Mr. Hyde's always helping them and doing his best for them, and that is why he went to America to find Archie and bring him back again."

"Very generous," said Jerry, with something like a sneer. "Do you know what ship they came back in?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Pawson, "but I can tell you when they came, which it was last September, somewhere about the 18th, nearly a year ago now."

"Ah!" said Jerry, drawing a long breath. The date coincided with the departure of the vessel on board which he had seen Felix Hyde and his enemy. After all his search and his longings for vengeance, was it possible that he had come by accident as it were to the very place where lived the man whom he hated with a hatred black as hell? Surely there was more than chance here, surely he had been guided by some unseen hand to the spot where vengeance was within his grasp. If ever he had wavered in his purpose of revenge he felt that he could waver no longer now. To be brought without his own volition or knowledge almost face to face with the man who had done him wrong was like a divine commission authorizing him to punish the evil doer. If this were true, if he had indeed found his man, then every other aim and object of his life should be set aside; he would live only for the one purpose which fate indicated so clearly, and nothing should divert him from it until he had accomplished all that was possible in the way of richly merited punishment. He remained silent for a minute or two after the conclusion of Mrs. Pawson's last speech. Then, leaning forward a little and fixing his eyes earnestly upon her, he said, "You don't happen to know, ma'am, whether this Mr. Severne went to America under another name?"

"I never heard tell of such a thing," said Mrs. Pawson, "but I should not be a bit surprised, and that is a fact, for everybody knew he was in a bit of trouble at the time—" "In a bit of trouble, was he?" said Jerry greedily. "Then he was sailing under another name most like. Do you know what the trouble was?"

"Well, I could not rightly say," said Mrs. Pawson, who did not wish to disparage Marjory's husband too much to a stranger; "I think he had got into debt from being a bit wild, you know, as young men will. But now that he is come back, and Mr. Hyde has made him agent and all that sort of thing, he is doing very well and seems steadied down and sobered like."

"He lives in the village then?" "Yes, they have a nice house. You will pass it as you go along the road if you are going to Southminster. It stands back from the road in a garden. A nice genteel residence in its way, though I should call it damp. Do you want to go there?"

"No," said Jerry, rising from the chair. "I was only walking about a bit and seeing the places where Jenny used to live."

"Well, I am sure it is very good of you," said Mrs. Pawson, "and Jenny ought to be thankful that she has a good uncle to look after her, and I am sure I wish her well. And as to her being a bit idle and stuck up now and then, well, galls will be galls, and it's no good being 'ard on them."

Mr. Strong assented to this proposition in a rather pre-occupied manner and then took his leave, bending his steps as Mrs. Pawson noticed towards the village by the road which led past the Severnes' house. Marjory was tending her flowers in the garden when she became conscious of a shadow and a footstep at the gate. Looking round she was rather startled to see a stranger of forbidding aspect standing on the path and gazing at her, the house, and the garden in turn with somewhat fierce and hungry scrutiny. Something in his appearance startled Marjory a little; she did not quite know why; the man was respectably dressed, he could not be a tramp; but there was an odd light in his eye; she fancied for one moment that he was not quite sane.

"Is this John Brown's house?" said the stranger. "No, it is Mr. Severne's. Do you want anything?"

The man shook his head; looked at her long and earnestly; mumbled a few words to himself, and then turned away. Marjory watched him as he slowly passed the house and walked up the road. There was something weird and uncanny in his face; something of wildness and savagery, which she did not understand. She thought of burglars, of escaped lunatics, of wandering convicts and other vague terrors of lonely women in country villages, but never once, curiously enough, did she think of Felix's warning or of Jeremiah Strong.

## CHAPTER XLIV.

Archie came home about eight o'clock that night, and while Marjory was having supper with him she noticed that the little maid who waited upon them were an unusually scared and startled look. So much so in fact that at last she asked her if anything was the matter.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am," said her handmaid, evidently glad of the opportunity of opening her lips, "they say that one of the mad people has got out of Southminster Asylum, and is wandering about the country, and that if we don't take care we may all be murdered in our beds!"

This sensational piece of intelligence made Archie laugh, but Marjory looked a little concerned.

"I wonder," she said, "oh, I wonder if that was the man who came here this morning?"

"This morning?" said Archie. "What sort of a man?"

"A sort of tramp, I daresay," said Marjory, recovering herself, for she did not want to frighten the servant Jane, whose eyes were like saucers by this time. "I thought he was going to beg, but he was too respectably dressed, after all, for that, but stopped and looked at the house and then passed on. You can clear away, Jane; we have quite finished."

"I should think that a man might stop and look at a house without being taken for an escaped lunatic," said Archie rather dryly.

"I don't want Jane to hear," said Marjory, lowering her voice. "Indeed, Archie, I was rather alarmed. It was an oldish man with gray hair and a scar on one side of his face."

"What?" said Archie sharply. "A curious scar," said Marjory, unheeding the effect which her words seemed to be producing; "it ran quite up one side of his face and gave him a wild, almost an insane expression. Then he was dressed in rather a curious way—quite respectably, but not like a common Englishman, and he had a large slouched hat and a thick stick, altogether a very wild, odd-looking figure."

"Did he speak to you?" "Yes; he stood and stared for a little while, and then he asked me if this was John Brown's house—why, Archie, what is the matter?"

"Never mind, go on!" "I said no, it was Mr. Severne's, and then he stared at me again, and said something I could not understand, and went on towards Southminster."

"Tell me more about him," said Archie. "Was he tall, thin, rather inclined to stoop? Of course, many men may be like that. It is the scar that must be the same."

He spoke with such evident agitation that Marjory looked at him with surprise. "Do you know the man, Archie? Do you think you have ever seen him before?"

Archie looked at her in silence. She saw that his face wore a white look of terror, and the blue eyes were dilated and wandering as in the moments when his old nightmare terrors got hold of him, and she was struck with a sudden fear.

"Archie," she said, "tell me, was it anyone you had seen before?"

He seemed to try to nerve himself to the task of answering, and opened his pale lips as if to frame a reply, but no words came, and to Marjory's infinite vexation and dismay an interruption occurred at that very moment, for the door opened and—for the first time in her life—Mrs. Pawson entered Marjory's drawing room. She had often been up to the house before, but with an affectation of humility had either remained in the garden or in the kitchen, a mode of behavior on which she prided herself; saying, always, that her niece Marjory had been made into a lady, but she hoped she knew her place. Besides, there was a deadly feud between her and Archie, and she generally kept well out of the way. It was, therefore, with great surprise that Marjory saw her enter, but she made the best of the situation and came forward to welcome her with outstretched hand.

"Good evening, Aunt Maria. I hope you have no ill news," she said, struck by a suppressed importance in Mrs. Pawson's bearing as she held Marjory's hand limply, and nodded in rather a condescending manner towards Archie. Archie said "Good evening" in a sulky tone. He had never been disposed to look on Mrs. Pawson as his relation by marriage.

"I don't know whether it is ill news or good news," said Mrs. Pawson, who was panting as

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If she had walked very fast. "But I was rather frightened as I came along, so I thought I would just turn in here and tell you what I had seen and heard. I was thinking I'd call in and have a chat with you, Marjory, if you were alone, but just as I turned the corner of the road I came upon a regular crowd of people, one or two policemen and other folk, all trying to hold a man who was a-screaming and struggling in their midst. I see Tommy Watford among 'em, and I says to him, 'Whatever is the matter?' and he says, 'It is that loony chap as we have caught at last, and was hiding in the hedges back of Mr. Severne's garden,' and they got him and was tying him with ropes; going to take him off to Southminster Asylum as quick as might be. So I thought I'd come in and let you know what you had escaped; for no doubt the loony was lying in wait to set fire to your house or cut your throats when you was alone, and it is only Providence and the constables as prevented it."

"Which ought we to be most obliged to, Providence or the constables?" said Archie flippantly, but there was a look of visible relief on his face. "I suppose that was the man you saw to day, Marjory. No danger from him now at any rate."

"Why, you don't mean to say you saw him, do you?" said Mrs. Pawson, turning her horrified gaze upon Marjory. "Well, I never! Why, good gracious me, Marjory, you ought to be thankful you are alive. I never could bear a loony man. You never know what he'll be up to next."

"A tall, gray-haired man," said Marjory, rather eagerly, "with a scar down one side of his face. But I suppose you did not see him?"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Pawson, "tall, gray-haired, with a scar, did you say? Why, that was the man that came to my cottage this morning. But that was not the loony, my dear. The loony was a young, fair, little man. That very tall man, you saw him, did you? Why, he was our Jenny's uncle from Amerikay."

"From America?" Marjory felt that Archie gave a little start as he heard the words.

"But I thought that Jenny's uncle was staying at Exeter, and that Jenny had gone there to meet him."

"So she had; but this good gentleman wanted to hear what sort of a girl she was, and so he came over to see me, and rested in my cottage for half an hour, and had a glass of beer as free as you please. Dressed in a dark blue suit, he was, with a big slouchy hat, and, as you say, a mark up one side of his face. A lot of questions he asked about the place and the people, and seemed quite friendly like."

"Did he know anyone about here?" Archie asked, not able to keep a slight tremor out of his voice.

"He knew Mr. Hyde," said Mrs. Pawson, "and wanted to see him. But I told him Mr. Hyde was not home yet. He wanted to pay Mr. Hyde some money, he said. He asked a lot about him, and about you too," she said, nodding familiarly at Archie. "It always do interest strangers that you were in that shipwreck over there."

Archie muttered something below his breath—Marjory tried to drown it by speaking hastily. "He asked me, for Brown," she said. "Same as he asked me," said Mrs. Pawson triumphantly, "and I told him there wasn't no such person living about here. And then he asked if you ever went under that name, which of course I said wasn't likely."

"Where was he going, do you know?" said Marjory. "He had been sleeping at the Bull in Southminster, he told me, but I reckon he was going back to Exeter. No doubt he'll turn up again if he wants to give Mr. Hyde some money, but I didn't make no enquiries, seeing as 'ow it was no business of mine."

Marjory glanced at her husband. He had withdrawn into the shadow and was sitting very still. She thought it was better to get Mrs. Pawson away as soon as possible.

"If you will come into the dining-room, Aunt Maria," she said, "I will give you a glass of wine. I am sure you will need it after being so frightened and upset. What a good thing it is that they have taken that poor madman back to the asylum."

Mrs. Pawson complied gladly enough, but before she went she nodded again to Archie and said "Good night," and was a little offended when Archie did not seem to hear.

"Your husband seems a bit put out," she said to Marjory, when they were in the dining-room. "I suppose it's me coming to see you. He always did hold himself higher than anybody else, though I don't see what he has got to be so proud about."

"Oh, no, Aunt Maria, he doesn't," said Marjory. "He is not very well. He has got a bad headache, so you must not mind if he is a bit silent. Did the old man tell you his name this morning?"

"No, he didn't," said Mrs. Pawson, in a disappointed tone. But Jenny mentioned that he was called Strong. I am sure she said the

name in my hearing often enough. He was a funny sort of old chap that did not seem to have much harm in him. If he comes this way again, shall I send him up to see you and tell you about Jenny?"

"Oh, no, I think not, thank you," said Marjory, who had an undefined fear of the man whose description seemed to affect Archie so strangely. "You can tell me all the news of Jenny, you know, Aunt Maria," and thus with sweet words she soothed Mrs. Pawson's ruffled feelings and piled her with wine and cake until that good lady departed, saying, as she went, that Marjory was real good 'arted when she got away from that flinching husband of hers."

Marjory returned to the sitting-room and found Archie in a state of collapse which was at first incomprehensible to her. He was crouching on one corner of the sofa, with his face hidden and his limbs shaking, evidently in almost an agony of fear.

"What is it, Archie, what is it?" she asked two or three times without receiving any answer, and it was only by slow degrees that his broken utterances revealed to her the true state of the case.

"Don't you see?" he gasped out at last. "That is that man who threatened to have my life! The man on the wreck whose daughter—you know—"

"But Archie, how can it be?" she said. "He was far away in America and cannot possibly have discovered where you live."

"He has discovered it," said Archie, "he has tracked me down, as I kill me, as he said. That was why Felix telegraphed; I see it now; Felix knew he was coming; Felix wanted to save me. What a fool I have been to come down here at all; I should have been safer in London."

"Was that what Felix meant?" said Marjory, with a sick feeling of dismay. "I am sure it was. What is the time now?" he said, pulling himself to his feet by the help of the arm of the sofa. "Could I catch the

train?"

"I cannot," said Archie, "the train is hanging on; we will wait for the Hall, and Marjory, and—"

"Very well, as you think better go to bed, you can."

"If I can!" as she lighted her hand. He looked at her.

"Did not you do it?" he said. "Don't open the door!"

Her feeling was lost in a wail. "No," she said. "I am merely a moralizing of the way her before he with a thrill heard respectfully men who were more dangerous the disease which killed them and they was that to be. She was not afraid, she felt, she might have coaxed him up before he fell. Every now and then thinking that door, and that she could only assure the wind and the outside the he slept it was horrible faces seemed to her preferable to wonder him go to London kind, and before leave her little plans were laid fused to allow her to stay at news from time. If the man came throw him off the from imagining had met on board person as Archie Felix Hyde's estate was easy enough. Brown was dead, and of Felix Hyde that he had seen the backwoods; at the telling of might be discovered into a bitter trial heartlessness of woman who had obeyed, and yet was breadth from the husband's life, quieting him, and

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London express? Is there time to get to Southminster?"

"Not now," said Marjory. "Besides, you are much safer here if there is any danger, than in going along that lonely road and then traveling up to London at midnight."

"Yes, that is true, but I must get off to-morrow morning, and I won't come back, not at least until Felix arrives to explain matters. You may depend upon it, Marjory," he went on, with wild eyes and trembling lips, "that he knew something about this man's movements, and saw that it would be dangerous for me to meet him. The man is quite out of his mind, there is no doubt about that, and he means to revenge himself on me for what I—I could not help."

In spite of her love for her husband, Marjory felt a gathering chill of contempt for his feebleness of heart. She had tried hard for many months to believe that his shaken condition proceeded from nervous weakness and long-continued illness, but the comfort which this view had always afforded her seemed of absolutely no avail at this moment. Sick or ill, no man had any business to be so unnerfed at the prospect of danger; she herself scarcely knew the sensation of fear on her own account, for the possibility of difficulty, of danger, always acted like a tonic on her nerves and strung her up to something like positive pleasure. There was plenty of fighting power in Marjory, plenty of resistance, while Archie seemed to possess none at all, but was cowed by the slightest hint of possible harm.

It came to her in a sudden flash of insight that he had been a coward ever since she had known him, that he had persuaded her to marry clandestinely because he feared the wrath of her friends, that he had deserted her when he was in trouble, that he had saved his life in time of peril by the sacrifice of one weaker than himself. What wonder was it, then, that if vengeance threatened him he should think that nothing remained to him but flight?

Her lip curled a little as she made answer, "Of course you had better go if you think there is any real danger. You can drive to Southminster to-morrow morning, and go by the ten o'clock train; it will be much safer to then than to steal away in the middle of the night. Perhaps when Felix comes home he will be able to explain matters and to get this man away."

"If only I can get safe to London," said Archie nervously, "I think I shall be safe. You must write to me every day and tell me whether the man has been seen again in this neighborhood; perhaps as he did not find me he will have gone back to Exeter. You see he does not know me by my right name, and if I can manage to get away unobserved he will never find me out. Don't you think it would be better for me to go by night?"

"Perhaps it would if you do not want to be seen; you could stay quietly here in the house all day to-morrow, and go by the evening train. Would that do?"

But Archie shook his head. "No, no," he said, "I cannot stay in the place all day with that man hanging about. I will go off by the early train; we will borrow the closed carriage from the Hall, and you go with me to the station, Marjory, and see that the coast is clear."

"Very well," said Marjory, soothingly, "just as you think best, Archie, and now you had better go to bed and get a good night's rest if you can."

"If I can!" said Archie, with a sort of groan, as he lighted his candle and put it into his hand. He looked round with a scared expression. "Did not you hear somebody knocking at the door?" he said. "Don't let them come in! Don't open the door to him, Marjory, whatever you do!"

Her feeling of contempt for his cowardliness was lost in a wave of pity.

"No," she thought to herself, "he cannot help it; this is a weakness of disease, not merely a moral defect." She thought shudderingly of the warning which Felix had given her before he had left home, and remembered with a thrill of horror some stories she had heard respecting women who were married to men who went out of their minds, and were more dangerous during the earlier periods of the disease when no one exactly knew what ailed them until the insanity finally developed itself and they could be placed under restraint; was that to be Archie's portion and her own?

She was not afraid of him yet, but a time might come, she felt, when for the sake of her child she might have to act as if she were. She coaxed him upstairs to bed, but it was long before he fell into even an uneasy slumber. Every now and then he started up excitedly, thinking that he heard Strong's voice at the door, and that Strong was trying to get in. She could only assure him that she heard nothing but the wind and the branches of the trees creaking outside the window panes, and when at last he slept it was only to dream the old dreams of horrible faces and clutching hands, and it seemed to her as if wakefulness were almost preferable to these nightmare terrors. She began to wonder if she were justified in letting him go to London without supervision of any kind, and before morning she had planned to leave her little boy with Mrs. Hyde at the Hall and to accompany Archie to London. But her plans were laid in vain; Archie absolutely refused to allow her to go with him; he wanted her to stay at Redwood, he said, and give him news from time to time of Strong's movements. If the man came again to the house she must throw him off the scent; she must prevent him from imagining that the man Brown whom he had met on board the Aurora was the same person as Archie Severne, land agent on Mr. Felix Hyde's estate. Surely, he urged, it would be easy enough for her to say that the man Brown was dead, that he had been an acquaintance of Felix Hyde's and of Archie's own, and that he had succumbed to fever and ague in the backwoods; and when Marjory hesitated at the telling of a string of falsehoods, which might be discovered any moment, he broke out into a bitter tirade against the falsehood and heartlessness of women, and especially of a woman who had promised to love, honor and obey, and yet was too bigoted to swerve a hair's breadth from the truth in order to save her husband's life. Marjory had great difficulty in quieting him, and in making him believe that

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she would do her utmost for his welfare and safety.

They easily obtained the loan of the brougham from the Hall, and Marjory went with her husband to the station, leaving him inside the carriage while she obtained his ticket and took a preliminary look round the platform. As far as she could see, there were no signs of danger; the man who had passed the house on the previous day was nowhere to be seen; she went back to the carriage and reported this to Archie, who, however, did not venture forth until the train had actually arrived. Then with nervously quick steps and anxious eyes he passed swiftly across the platform and encoined himself in the further corner of a first-class carriage, which, as Marjory was rather glad to see, was also occupied by several other travelers, for she had had a vague dislike of his traveling to London all alone. She waited until the train moved off, waved a last good-bye to him and with a sigh of relief turned to quit the station.

She had to pass through the booking-office on her way out. Here several persons were standing about, and near the door she suddenly came face to face with the very man whom she had feared to meet, the odd-looking stranger who had asked her if John Brown lived in her house. He looked her full in the face as she passed him by, and for a second she made an involuntary step as if she thought he was about to speak, but no word fell from his lips until she had passed by. Then she distinctly heard him put a question to a railway porter who was in charge of a passenger's luggage.

"What is the name," he said, "of that lady who's just gone out?" And the railway porter answered, "Mrs. Severne, of Redwood."

"Who was it she came to see off? A tall, fair-haired chap?"

"That was her husband," said the porter, "young Severne, Mr. Hyde's agent. Everybody knows him about here."

Marjory had passed just outside the door. She could not help listening to the little colloquy; she shivered in spite of herself at the name of the next question.

"His name is not Brown, then?" he said.

"Brown!" said the porter, with a gasp. "Why, bless your life, how can it be Brown when it's Severne, Mr. Archie Severne? Everybody about here knows him."

Marjory moved onward to the carriage; she knew now, although she had not been convinced before, that this stranger was on the watch for Archie, and she felt profoundly thankful that her husband had got away without injury. The man had been on the watch for him, but had evidently failed to do more than catch a mere glimpse of his face as he walked across the platform. Certainly it would be better for Archie not to come back to Redwood until Jeremiah was safely out of the way. She felt glad to think that Felix would be back again so soon; she could confide her fears to him more freely than to anyone else, and if anyone could manage to set matters straight and to send Strong back to America without injuring Archie, Felix, was the man to do it.

(To be Continued.)

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### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SCOTIA AND NOVA.—Your studies are perfectly impossible on account of your erratic stationery. I could not murder my sight with it.

MADONVILLE S. S.—You are quite right. Your study would not give a satisfactory delineation, therefore, please excuse me. Though not developed, your writing shows very excellent promise.

ROSS RAMBLER.—You are sociable, pleasant-tempered, kind and unselfish, generous in act and thought, and though not markedly original, with some individuality; constancy and some self-assertion are visible.

CARISIMA.—I do not think your writing is sufficiently developed to form a good study. There are traits in it which are the fault of youth, but which I am quite sure your character does not rest upon, or rather totter upon.

HAZEL.—I. They didn't run in the time you allowed, nor will they until business principles override bigotry. 2. You are careful, observant, somewhat of an idealist, fond of an easy time, rather discreet, very honest and a person to be relied upon.

ALICE B.—You are refined, discreet, persistent and capable of warm affection, tenacious of opinions, light in will, but of some force of character. I think you are fond of beauty, and also of ease and luxury, which last, perhaps you sigh for in vain.

DORA A.—Why should it be unpleasant? To me you are a very pleasant study, showing discretion, honesty and an upright mind, not very gushing in manner, nor remarkably quick in perception, but a tolerably clever and decidedly sensible person. You dislike frivolity and are constant in your opinions and affections.

HAY FEVER.—What a horrid *nom de plume*! You are an impulsive, rather clever, and very strong-willed young person; strong in affection, social and talkative and rather fond of a good time; a little temperance when crossed, and a wee bit selfish—just a wee bit, however, and not apt to mar an otherwise pretty character.

OUTLINE JOB.—You are certainly no fool, and have, added to quickness of perception, bright imagination, a light and buoyant method, some facility and no end of energy. I don't see much determination, but your method is not of the sledge-hammer stamp. You must learn to concentrate and economize; your efforts get and get your faculties into line.

PROUT.—You are sensitive, nervous, and apt to take it out of yourself in quite an unnecessary manner. Your judgment is somewhat uncertain, but you have undoubted talent, energy, some imagination and great capacity. Be brave, little woman, and strive for a higher plane. One gets low down when one is at the mercy of worries, those "creeping things with barbs and stings."

FLY H.—It isn't the warmth of the weather which afflicts me, as you may see by the date of your answer. You are a decided and strong-willed young lady, with firm yet constant purpose, bright intellect and a little sharpness of temper and judgment, but with such a kind and easy manner, and sensible head that you should be much looked up to. I think you are not sufficiently receptive, but one cannot expect it from a person of your make-up. You are careful and orderly and wish for perfection.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.—I cannot find the bad temper you confess to in your lines, though the extreme sensitiveness and refinement of your nature may fret at trifles. The lines of chronic bad temper are unmistakable. Despondency is generally shown by depressed lines, and a buoyant, bright and witty disposition by the reverse. Look at your writing and see which traits are visible therein. Sometimes despondency is not natural, but the result of temporary loss of health. So glad to hear from you.

SOPHIE AUDS.—Bright and enterprising mind, some imagination and fondness for new scenes and people, which is not fickleness, but rather receptivity. I am sure you love all that is beautiful, and that your taste is somewhat refined. You are slightly given to cloak your feelings and reserve yourself for a small circle, but you are a

born philanthropist. You stick to a point famously, and often succeed by sheer persistence. You have an enquiring mind and a pretty sense of humor, and if you don't aim high graphology tells for you.

LILA.—I. Write to the office, giving date of paper, and I dare say you can be supplied. Don't omit enclosing stamp if for city postage and price of paper. 2. Example speaks louder than precept in the matter of the squandering of savings, Lila. I did it, so I can't blame you if you did the same. 3. You are ambitious, deliberate, ingenious and amiable. No marked force, but much quiet pertinacity is shown. I think your nature both gentle and affectionate, but lacking in snap and enterprise. Great love of beauty and dainty tastes are shown.

SYREL.—I think five dollars gives you a wide choice and no one would scorn an inexpensive present, if it were good of its kind. There are lovely hat pins, very pretty card-cases, and dainty fan-pots which you can have for that money. I don't think I should present an elaborate gift to anyone I only knew in school. No matter how deep your devotion is, a simple gift is in much better taste. I am sorry you don't get all the outing you would like, but I can assure you there are plenty who would gladly change places with you. I don't mind your little grumble. It is natural; we all do it!

Z.—I. I don't think the handwritings would be quite the same. As you developed deliberate methods, habits of thoughtfulness and a more concentrated aim, your lines would lose some of their nervous energy and force, and while you might write more "carefully" it would not produce such a pleasing study. Formalism is the antipode of progress and originality. 2. Your writing shows energy, ease and truthfulness, courage in a sense is also shown; sympathy, accessibility, social instincts, good temper and a well-balanced mind and good judgment are shown, adaptability and a loyal and persevering character. You ought to make a success.

LADIES II.—Really, my dear fellow, you ask me a difficult question. In a busy office you may not have time to write more legibly, but perhaps the originality makes up for the illegibility. Do you really stand over naturally? Let us see what can be found in your graphology. You are fond of conversation and a little prone to monopolize it, very hopeful, somewhat ambitious and never apt to expend more energy than is absolutely necessary in toil. You have some original opinions and ideas, a proneness to theorize, an amiable disposition and a judgment that owns no law and scarcely any order. At the same time you are truthful, sincere and very persevering when you are interested.

TOMAR.—I could not begin to answer the questions sent in about graphology, and I have recently given the names of several books treating of this subject. Frost on Graphology is one book you might study. I have vainly endeavored to ascertain the price of this book. Mine was given to me years ago. Your study should not have been cramped together on narrow lines, which take from its force, but it has an overplus of that same! You are careful, energetic, somewhat self-indulgent and capable of very strong and exacting affection. In fact, your emotions, opinions and expressions are none of them weak. A right perception, some dependence on sympathy, social instincts and slightly prejudiced judgment are yours.

It is a singular phase of human nature that when a man gives his wife a dime to buy a box of hairpins, or a gum ring for the baby, it looks about seven times as big as when he plunks it down for bitters.

A Nevada hunter spent three months hunting for a grizzly bear, and the man's relatives have been spending three months looking for him. They think he must have found the bear.

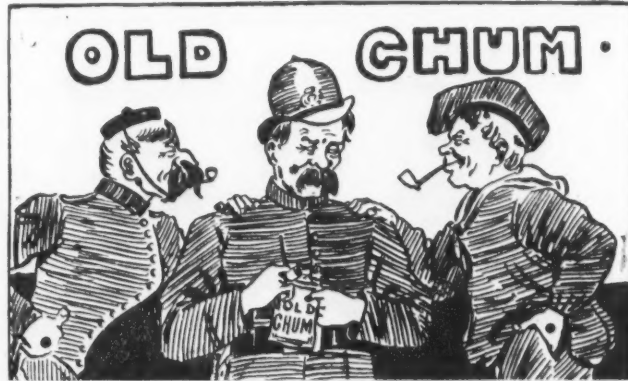


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## Between You and Me

SOMETIMES in this age of the world we are very loth to believe in selfishness and devotion, especially in a public person, but when facts about so loudly as they do in the case of Russell H. Conwell, who lectured here last week, the very knowledge of them is a tonic to our better nature and an impulse toward higher and nobler effort. It is impossible to say we don't believe in the sincerity of a philanthropist who works hard to earn money to give away. With ninety-nine hundred and ninety-nine in every ten thousand, the principle holds fast that what money they work for and earn is theirs; with the ten thousandth man it is earned for the purpose of giving it away; with all the others it is worked for and earned to keep, at least until they feel inclined or compelled to spend it. Let me tell you something that Mr. Conwell does with his money. In Philadelphia, where he has a parish, is a college for the education of poor young men, preparing them for the ministry. In this college are nearly a hundred students, who are supported by Mr. Conwell's lectures. His lecture fee, which is a large one, goes intact to their maintenance, and with it all the warm and whole-souled encouragement which the generous donor can spare from his ample and genial nature. Think what a lifework his may be, and perhaps it will rouse some among you to like deeds and like ideas, when you think about it!

Christmas will be spent in many ways on Monday, but there is a way I have not before considered much. That is, Christmas spent on mid-ocean. A dear old friend of mine will spend the day on one of the ocean greyhounds, speeding, during the merry holiday time, with anxious haste, across the sea to green Erin, where dying eyes and dulling ears tarry on the edge of eternity for his coming. And on Christmas day, perhaps, I shall think, amid the holly, and the bonbons, and the cheer and fun, of the gray winter ocean, and the trembling, leaping ship, and the friend of my heart alone in the crowd, none guessing at his grief or his anxiety, all pretending that a Christmas at sea is as good as a Christmas around one's ain fireside! But even on the sea the Christ-child can come fluttering like a brave little storm-petrel into one's heart and soul, and nestling there, bring with it the peace and the hope, and the strength that is unearthly and triumphant.

I saw an old bachelor buying a Christmas box the other day, and there was quite a story to it. He was cranky and decrepit, and his nose was red and his lips were blue, like the roses and violets of the old rhyme, but "honey's sweet and so are you," being more to his taste. The Christmas present was for the little daughter of the only woman he had ever proposed to, and was of the gorgeous and elaborate description. I have tried hard to make him own up that he loved the mamma of the little maid, in that old time when Toronto was Muddy York, and swell people lived east of Yonge and south of Queen streets. He always says: "I proposed to her. I was a fool, she refused me—that's the whole story!" But to return to the Christmas present. It was great fun to watch him selecting it, and writing in his shaky hand "with compliments of the season" on the little visiting-card wrapped up with it. Poor old crabbed man, I do think I must send him some bright and merry Christmas greeting this year!

There was a stereotyped greeting which I used to laugh at last year when I rode through the summer lanes and over the dear mountains of Ireland. It wasn't particularly elegant, but it made up in force what it lacked in finish, and sometimes the hearty cry put new vigor into tired muscles and sent me spinning along, refreshed by the heartiness and the genuineness of it. The small goosoon and the slip of a girl would shout it with a laugh; the mother would stand with her drained cup in her hand, fresh from my ever thirsty lips, and call it genially at me as I rode away with backward glances. The men in the hill-meadows, tossing the hay or cutting the scented clover, sent the merry cry across hedge and ditch. "More power to you!" Ah, that is what we want, every mother's son and daughter of us, dear readers mine. "More power to you," and to me, to cling to the true and turn aside from the false, to be honest and loving and patient when the chariot carries us our good fortune aboard; to be kind and sympathetic to those who need our help, and tolerant to those who impose upon us. "More power to you," my man, with business cares and family troubles. "More power to you," my woman, with a hundred things to do at once, and the little ones forever pulling at your skirts. "More power to you," student, clerk, mechanic, young and tempted and easily led. "More power to you," sweet growing girl, just beginning to do for yourself in matters of mind or manners. To the old, who feel weary; to the sick, who long for ease; to the overworked, the underpaid, the worried and the sorrowful; to the lonely and the friendless, the rich and careless; to all of you I fling this honest, hearty Irish greeting for your Christmas, "More power to you."

LADY GAY.

A drummer who had traveled all over California recently sat in a Pullman car with a Missourian, and, as the latter was a newcomer, gave him much information about the State. "By the way," said the Missourian, after a while, "you seem to know most of the towns in this yer State. Ever been in As-you-say?" The drummer gasped and then responded, "No; As-you-say is a new one on me. I have been in You-be-Dam, Shirt-Tail Flat, Hangtown, Jump-Off-Joe, and several other outlandish named places, but never in As-you-say. Where is it?" "I got the letter here," replied the Missourian; "it's from a friend of mine as lives there, and he handed over an envelope stamped 'Asus, Cal.' The drummer will not believe all he hears in Missouri Spanish hereafter.—Argonaut.



ABOUT a year ago I, Mary Ann Stout, and my husband, John Stout, were chatting over the fire, just about bedtime, and says John, "Christmas ain't far off, Mary Ann," and says I, "Two weeks about; what made you think of it?" Then John, he rubbed his hands slow and thoughtful over his knees, and says he, "First Christmas we got no old folks Mary Ann; seems like I never realized your pa and ma was gone until I set out thinking about Christmas."

I knew before he said it just what was in his mind, and says I, mournful-like, "Ah, they're keeping a happy Christmas right in the heavenly courts. What'll you and me do, for lonesomeness, this year?"

"That's what I was studying on," said John, rubbing his knees over again. "We ain't got no old folks to go to, and Christmas seems lonesome somehow."

"Well," says I, getting up to wind the clock, "there's two of us to keep each other company."

"You see, we ain't got a family," says John. I took him up real sharp, for me, and says I, "Yes, my eyesight's good enough for that! Would you like to adopt a few for Christmas? Is that your idea?"

John sat still and studied, and I wound the clock and put the cat in the kitchen and tried the door, and then stood waiting for him to make a move.

"Mary Ann," says he, sudden like, "let's ask someone in for Christmas, some lonesome folks, give 'em a nice day. Seems like that would take the edge off this lonesome feel."

"Let 's," says I, for I never cross John, in reason. "Who'll we ask?"

"I was studying on Gran'ma Dumble," says John, hesitating.

"For the Lord's sake!" says I.

"I guess so, Mary Ann. It's the only reason I think of," says John, as earnest as milk.

When I thought of Gran'ma Dumble and her ways I did weaken, but on second thoughts says I, "Who next?"

"Oh, it's your choice," says John. "You pick a man lonesome."

Just as quick as 'lectricity I thought of the minister. I did not hanker after him much, but he was better than Gran'ma Dumble, so I picked him.

"Good enough," says John, though I noticed he winced the least bit. "How many lonesomes did you mean to cook dinner for? I didn't mean you to make a slave of yourself, my girl."

I looked up my etiquette book that I got on the guessing contest, and I read these remarks: "A dinner party should not include less than six and more than fourteen guests." I shut the book. "Which is your number?" I asked calmly.

John said, sharp enough, "Six."

"Then," says I, "it's your pick for another woman. I've thought of another man."

John studied a long spell, and rubbed his knees a good bit, and then says he, "What's the name of that peaked little mortal that made over your Sunday cashmere?"

"Miss Perkins; she'll do finely! I never remembered her, and John, I pick the Dutchman down at the mill."

John looked dazed for a minute, then he laughed out loud and loud. "Good for you, Mary Ann. But he's way off. 'Spose he can't come?"

"We'll write and ask him, and if he can't I'll ask another." And write we did, immediately after breakfast next morning, and also to Miss Perkins, who was sewing out to Exlington, and I called in and told Gran'ma Dumble, and



Wild horses will not drag from me where I passed the night.

John and me went together to prayer meeting, and after we asked the minister. He said he'd come, and John thinking to get him interested, remarked:

"Mary Ann has the pudding made, and we spoke for the nicest turkey in Gregory's flock, and everything will be served in style."

The minister folded his hands, and says he, "The minister folded his hands, and says he, 'Mr. Stout, the delights of the table are not temp'ing to a bilious man. I rarely enjoy a meal, but I will come,' and he looked almost like crying."

On the second day the postman brought us two letters. Miss Perkins's said:

"Miss Perkins presents her compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Stout, and I thank you for your kind invitation and will be glad to spend Christmas."

Yours truly,

"MISS PERKINS."

The Dutchman at the mill, where we used to stop and water the horse when John and I were stopping in the country the summer after I had the typhoid, wrote with so many funny little skew-eyed letters I could scarcely make it out, but after a bit I got this much:

"GOOD FRIENDS, MR. AND MRS. STOUT.—It will be greatly agreeable to me to eat my dinner on Christmas and I thank you for asking me in your house. I will come with the Trunk at twelve about."

"What does he want a trunk for?" says I, quite puzzled.

"I guess he means he'll come on the twelve o'clock train, by Grand Trunk," says John, sensible to the last.

Well, John and I was quite taken up with getting ready for our lonesome company. We lived a smart step out of town and we decided to have the company stay all night, and ridded up the spare room for the minister, and our room for Gran'ma Dumble and Miss Perkins, and the lounge for the Dutchman. John fixed him a nest in the attic, and as for me, wild horses shall not drag from me where I passed the night. It was not a very bad place to sleep either, though a little cramped. We bought a little shoulder shawl for Gran'ma Dumble and a sermon-case for the minister, and a pair of gloves for Miss Perkins that could be exchanged to fit, and a pipe for the Dutchman, for he was fond of a smoke, as we recalled, and we bought each other something suitable, and was just creeping into bed on Christmas Eve, when someone came rapping at the front door. John went down wrapped in the bed quilt, and presently he called up:

"Mary Ann, it's Gran'ma Dumble!"

Now, that was just one of Gran'ma Dumble's ways; she always did like that, piping out of



He came with the Grand Trunk.

her muffler. "I just reckoned it might be storming to-morrow, and I'd have to disappear you, maybe, so I'd best come while I could."

Stormy! and the moon and the stars shining to kill! However, we settled her in the minister's room, though I did feel upset to disturb that nice bed and all, but it had to be put up with, and grumbling was senseless.

On Christmas morning Gran'ma Dumble and John went to church, and I was full of business till twelve o'clock, when along came the Dutchman, with his grip, and his nightgown in it, and three links of bologna and a cunning little cheese, all done up in brown paper. He turned to and washed the celery, and cracked the almonds, and polished the apples, and hung up the holly, and chased across the lot for a pile of cedar boughs and tacked them up in the dining-room till it looked like a bird's nest; and all the time he whistled and sang Dutch songs and acted for all the world like a great roistering school-boy, and once in a while he would say to me, "Merry Christmas, good Mrs. Stout!" and I'd say, "Merry Christmas, Mr. Fritz!" Fritz was his name, and Schullinger-hausen too, but I hadn't time for only Fritz, for the pudding was boiling and the turkey was roasting, and the cranberries was popping in the sauce, and the vegetables needed watching, and the oyster soup couldn't be neglected.

Presently Gran'ma Dumble and the minister and John and Miss Perkins came in, and there was a good deal of warming and stamping, and the Dutchman acted just for all the world like he owned the house! He called the minister "the holy man," and he pretended to think Gran'ma Dumble was a young lady, and when her teeth fell out on her silk apron he never offered to notice them, and he called John the good friend, and Miss Perkins he fairly bewildered by his nonsense and compliments. Well, we got them to the table, and if I do say it, the dinner was as it should be. Everyone ate hearty (the minister most of all), and after things was cleared away and Miss Perkins and the Dutchman had spread the table cover, we gave round our Christmas presents. The minister says doubtful like, "What is this gift?" and John says, "To carry your sermons in!" And do you believe the minister was mad with us and said he "spoke from his heart as the Spirit moved him, and not written sermons." Well, it couldn't be helped, and John and me offered to change the sermon-case for a silk handkerchief, and he agreed. Gran'ma Dumble took her shoulder shawl and says she, "Hem! yes, I saw them at Walker's on bargain day, but I judged they were too cheap and trifling and didn't buy one!" Of course that was just one of her ways and we didn't worry over it. Then Miss Perkins found her gloves were a fit, and the Dutchman was tickled to death over his pipe, and we sat round the fire to spend the evening, at least all but Gran'ma Dumble, whom Miss Perkins and I helped into bed, for she was over-tired after her dinner. And we'd never have got her to give up the minister's room, only that knowing Dutchman gave her something in a glass that he called Schnapps, and she lost her whereabouts just after.

The minister was feeling poorly and he sat with his hands folded over his waistcoat, and gave deep groans every minute, until I got so nervous hearing him I couldn't sit still. Miss Perkins and the Dutchman was over on the lounge, and every now and then he would say, "Merry Christmas, Miss Perkins," and she would answer, as grave as mustard, "The same to you, Mr. Fritz." John and me just visited together as if we didn't have any company, and we chatted softly about the old folks last Christmas, and listened to the minister groan. At last I says, feeling sorry for him:

"Would you care to go to bed?"

And he says in the hollowest of voices, "Not without prayer and scripture reading. Do you think I am a godless, worldly, freethinking German?" says he crossly, looking over to the lounge, where (there's no use concealing it, he saw, and John did, and so did I) that tom-boy of a Dutchman was squeezing Miss Perkins's hand, and she was just sitting there and letting him.

And Miss Perkins bounced right up, so lithe and so quick, and says she, "Oh, no, you are no German! You are nothing half so nice. You're a bilious, over-eating Canadian, and you need a dose!" says Miss Perkins, stamping her foot, and her nose shining quite red and her eyes snapping.

Mr. Fritz pulled her back by the hand and says he, "Merry Christmas, Miss Perkins; be not unkind to the holy man."

But Miss Perkins had her mad up, and says she, "Am I going to sit quiet and hear you called names? No, Mr. Fritz, you need someone to take your part. You'd just lie down and let any bilious Canadian over eating minister walk over you. I'd like," says Miss Perkins slowly, "to give him a dose!" and it should be rubarbub, and salts and senna, and Carter's Little Liver Pills." And then she sat down beside the Dutchman and began to cry. And Mr. Fritz took hold of her hand and patted it, and remarked, "Merry Christmas," in a trifling sort of way.

John took the minister away to bed and I straightened up the supper table, and the Dutchman and Miss Perkins and I had a glass of warm cider and some shortcake, and we tasted the cheese and the bologna, when John came in.

"Mary Ann," says John, "I shouldn't wonder if I had to go for the doctor. The minister does feel so poorly."

And the Dutchman said he'd go, but he didn't know the way, and Miss Perkins said she'd go, but she was afraid of the dark, and I said I'd go myself sooner than any of them, for I needed a walk, but presently I got the minister feeling better, with a little mustard and warm water, and Miss Perkins went to her corner with Gran'ma Dumble, and I made up the lounge for Mr. Fritz, and Christmas was safely got through before ten. Next morning the minister had breakfast in bed, and after a while he felt equal to take Gran'ma Dumble home, who had a bad head and blamed it on the Schnapps, and Miss Perkins helped me straighten up the house, while John and the Dutchman went over the place. Well, I did feel sorry to see those two go, they were such good company and seemed so much contented. And, says I:

"Mr. Fritz, I do feel bothered when I think of you, away off among the hills in that lonesome mill. I do wish you had someone to live with you!"

And what do you believe he did? He caught hold of Miss Perkins's hand, and says he, "Good Mrs. Stout, I will no more lonesome live; Selma has promised to take care of me," (and that was the first time I knew Miss Perkins's front name.) John laughed at me, for I just gaped.

"We've been talking it over, Mary Ann," says he calmly, "and I think Mr. Fritz and Miss Perkins make a fine couple."

"And we hope," says Miss Perkins as cool as cheese, "that you and Mr. Stout will eat dinner at the mill next Christmas."

I vow I was struck dumb at the pace of those two, and still I was glad they had made it up, hurry or no hurry. And I shook hands with them and I promised, and so did John, but we have changed our minds, and I have just got a letter written asking them to agree to the change, and instead of us going to the mill I guess Mr. and Mrs. Schullingerhausen and the baby will keep us from being lonesome this Christmas.



## The Tale of a Jumping Jack.

A SAILOR who had lost his legs In battle on the ocean, Was sorely vexed, And much perplexed, Because, deprived of natural pegs, He failed of locomotion.

In wood and cork he vainly sought, A substitute for what he'd lost; And sighed, "Alas! If flesh were grass, As we are by the scriptures taught, I'd have new limbs at little cost."

One day it chanced as by he passed A surgeon's shop in Paris, He saw with glee, Foot, leg, and knee In plastic rubber neatly cast And "just as real as life" is.

With patent things and duplex springs The limbs were nicely fitted out, By cunning art In every part, To walk, to run, to turn about, Or waltz, or dance in Highland Flings.

With eager haste he tried them on, And found they "fitted to a T;" So in the street With motion fleet He, proud as any Spanish Don, Paraded with much ecstasy.



"Hurrah!" he cried, as near he spied Some messmates of his own dear nation, "Heave to, heave to! You lubbers, you! At last I may at anchor ride, And learn new tricks in navigation. Again on mast and yard I'll climb, The gallant and to gallant spread; My hammock swing; Fight for my king; Until at length Old Father Time 'Pipes me to quarters' overhead." Elated with his rare good luck, Jack jumped as in the days of yore; But strange to tell, When down he fell, He lightly on the pavement struck, Then bounded twenty feet or more!



And stranger yet, at each rebound He rose still higher in the air; From near and far, This nimble tar A crowd of people drew around To marvel at a sight so rare. The surgeon from his shop rushed out And gasped, as up he cast his eye, "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Alas! I rue That e'er I gave to such a lout My rubber legs with which to fly!" As up above a church Jack passed He tried in vain to anchor there. "Belay, belay! Be spary! I say, Pay out a rope and make me fast, To higher flights I don't aspire." He touched the top of dome and tower, And then went skyward farther still. To his surprise And grief likewise He found to stop he'd not the power, But must keep going, will or nill.



"Alas!" cried he, as on he sped, "I'm going 'aloft,' alack! By patent pegs And 'lastic legs A pretty dance I have been led, Till Jack Tar's but a Jumping Jack!" Still up, up, up, his course he bore, And bounded onward into space, Above the clouds And noisy crowds Was lost to sight, and never more On terra firma showed his face. —Henry Pritchard Holden in Worthington's Magazine.



# OLD NUMBER EIGHTY-SIX

Luke Sharp in Detroit Free Press.

John Saggart stood in a dark corner of the terminus, out of the rays of the glittering arc lamps, and watched engine No. 86. The engineer was oiling her and the fireman, as he opened the furnace door and shoveled in the coal, stood out like a red Rembrandt picture in the cab against the darkness beyond. As the engineer with his oil-can went carefully around No. 86, John Saggart drew his sleeve across his eyes and a gulp came up in his throat. He knew every joint and bolt in that contrary old engine—the most cantankerous iron brute on the road, and yet, if rightly managed, one of the swiftest and most powerful engines the company had, notwithstanding the many improvements that had been put upon locomotives since old 86 left the foundry.

Saggart, as he stood there, thought of the seven years he had put in on the foot-board of old 86 and of the many tricks she had played him during that period. If, as the poet says, the weary chains and the prisoner become friends through long association, it may be imagined how much of a man's affection goes out to a machine that he thoroughly understands and likes—a machine that is his daily companion for years, in danger and out of it. No. 86 and John had been in many a close pinch together and at this moment Saggart seemed to have forgotten that often the pinch was caused by the pure cussedness of 86 herself, and he remembered only that she had bravely done her part several times when the situation was exceedingly serious.

The cry of "All aboard!" rang out and was echoed down from the high arched roof of the great terminus, and John, with a sigh, turned from his contemplation of the engine and went to take his place on the train. It was a long train, with many sleeping cars at the end of it, for the heavy Christmas traffic was on, and people were getting out of town by the hundred. The engineer had put away his oil can and had taken his place on the engine, standing ready to begin the long journey the moment the signal was given.

John Saggart climbed into the smoking car, at the front part of the train. He found a place in one of the forward seats and sank down into it with a vague feeling of uneasiness at being inside a coach instead of on the engine.

He gazed out of the window and saw the glittering electric lights slowly slide behind, then more quickly the red, green and white lights of the station lamps, and finally there flickered swiftly past the brilliant constellation of city windows, showing that the town had not yet gone to bed. At last the flying train plunged into the dark country and Saggart pressed his face against the cold glass of the window, unable to shake off his feeling of responsibility, although he knew that there was another man at the throttle.

He was aroused from his reverie by a touch on his shoulder and a curt request, "Tickets, please."

He pulled out of his pocket a pass and turned to hand it to the conductor, who stood there with a glittering plated and crystal lantern on his arm.

"Hello, John, is this you?" cried the conductor as soon as he saw the face turned toward him. "Hang it, man, you didn't need a pass traveling with me."

"I know it," said the engineer, "but they gave it to me to take me home, and I may as well use it as not. I don't want to get you into trouble."

"Oh, I'd risk the trouble," said the conductor, placing the lamp on the floor and taking his seat beside the engineer. "I heard about your worry to-day. It's too cursed bad. If a man had got drunk at his post, as you and I have known 'em to do, it wouldn't have seemed so hard, but at its worst, your case was only an error of judgment, and then nothing really happened. Old 86 seems to have the habit of pulling herself through. I suppose you and she have been in worse fixes than that with not a word said about it."

"Oh, yes," said John. "We've been in many a tight place together, but we won't be any more. It's tough, as you say. I've been fifteen years with the company and seven on old 86, and at first it comes mighty hard. But I suppose I'll get used to it."

"Look here, John," said the conductor, lowering his voice to a confidential tone, "the president of the road is with us to-night. His private car is the last but one on the train. How would it do to speak to him? If you're afraid to tackle him I'll put in a word for you in a minute and tell him your side of the story."

John Saggart shook his head. "It wouldn't do," he said. "He wouldn't overrule what one of his subordinates had done, unless there was serious injustice in the case. It's the new manager, you know. There's always trouble with a new manager. He sweeps clean. And I suppose he thinks by bouncing one of the oldest engineers on the road he'll scare the rest."

"Well, I don't think much of him, between ourselves," said the conductor; "what do you think he has done to-night? He's put a new man on 86—a man from one of the branch lines who doesn't know the road. I doubt if he's ever been over the main line before. Now it is an anxious enough time for me with all the Christmas traffic moving, with the thermometer at zero and the rails like glass, and I like to have a man in front that I can depend on."

"It's bad enough not to know the road," said John gloomily, "but it's worse not to know old 86. She's a brute if she takes a notion."

"I don't suppose there's another engine that could draw this train and keep her time."

"No. She'll do her work all right if you'll humor her," admitted Saggart, who could not conceal his love for the engine, even while he blamed her.

"Well," said the conductor, rising and picking up his lantern, "the man in front may be all right, but I would feel safer if you were further ahead on this train than the smoker. I'm sorry I can't offer you a berth to-night, John, but we're full clear through to the rear lights. There isn't even a vacant upper on the train."

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Saggart. "I couldn't sleep anyhow. I'd rather sit here and look out the window."

"Well, so long," said the conductor. "I'll drop in and see you as the night passes on."

Saggart lit his pipe and gazed out into the darkness. He knew every inch of the road—all the up grades and the down-grades and the levels. He knew it even better in the darkest night than in the clearest day. Occasionally the black bulk of a barn or a clump of trees showed for one moment against the less black sky and Saggart would say to himself, "Now he should shut off an inch of steam!" or, "Now he should throw her wide open."

The train made few stops, but he saw that they were losing time—86 was sulking, very likely. The thought of the engine turned his mind to his own fate. No man was of very much use in the world after all, for the moment he steps down another is ready to stand in his place. The wise men in the city who had listened to his defence, knew so well that an engine was merely a combination of iron, steel and brass, and that a given number of pounds of steam would get it over a given number of miles in a given number of hours, had smiled incredulously when he told them that an engine had her tantrums, and that sometimes she had to be coddled up like any other female, and that even when a man did his best there were occasions when nothing he could do would mollify her, and then there was sure to be trouble, although John had added, in his desire to be fair, that she was always sorry for it afterwards, which remark, to his confusion, had turned that smile into a laugh.

He wondered what 86 thought of the new man. Not much, evidently, for she was losing time, which she had no business to do on that section of the road. Still, it might be the fault of the new man not knowing when to push her for all she was worth and when to ease up. All these things go to the making up of time. Still, it was more than likely that old 86, like Gilpin's horse, was wondering more and more what thing upon her back had got. "He'll have trouble," muttered John to himself, "when she finds out."

The conductor came in again and sat down beside the engineer. He said nothing, but sat there sorting out his tickets while Saggart gazed out of the window. Suddenly the engineer sprang to his feet with his eyes wide open. The train was swaying from side to side and going at great speed.

The conductor looked up with a smile. "Old 86," he said, "is evidently going to make up for lost time."

"She should be slowing down for crossing the G. & M. line," answered the engineer. "Good heavens!" he cried a moment after. "We've gone across the G. & M. track on the keen jump!"

The conductor sprang to his feet. He knew the seriousness of such a thing. Even the fastest expresses must stop dead before crossing on the level the line of another railway. It is the law.

"Doesn't that jay in front know enough to stop at a crossing?"

"It isn't that," said Saggart. "He knows all right; even the train boys know that. Old 86 has taken the bit between her teeth; she's running away with him; he can't stop her. Where do you pass No. 6 to-night?"

"At Pointsville."

"That's six miles ahead. In five minutes at this rate we will be running on her time and her track. She's always late and won't be on the side track. I must get to 86."

Saggart quickly made his way through the baggage car, climbed on the express car and jumped on the coal of the tender. He cast his eye up the track and saw glimmering in the distance, like a faint, wavering star, the headlight of No. 6. Looking down into the cab, he took in the situation at a glance. The engineer, with fear in his face and beads of perspiration on his brow, was throwing his whole weight on the lever, the fireman helping him. John leaped down to the floor of the cab.

"Stand aside!" he shouted, and there was such a ring of confident command in his voice that both men instantly obeyed.

Saggart grasped the lever and, instead of trying to shut off steam, flung it wide open. No. 86 gave a quiver and a jump forward.

"You old fiend," muttered John between his clinched teeth. Then he pushed the lever home and it slid into place as if there never

had been any impediment. The steam was shut off, but the lights of Pointsville flashed past them, with the empty side track on the left, and they were now flying along the single line of rails, with the headlight of No. 6 growing brighter and brighter in front of them.

"Reverse her! Reverse her!" cried the other engineer, with a tremor of fear in his voice.

"Reverse nothing," said Saggart; "she'll slide ten miles if you do. Jump if you are afraid."

The man from the branch line jumped promptly.

"Save yourself," said Saggart to the brakeman; "there's bound to be a smash."

"I'll stick to you, Mr. Saggart," said the fireman, who knew him. But his hand trembled.

The airbrake was grinding the long train and sending a shiver of fear through every timber, but the rails were slippery with the frost and the train was still going very fast. At the right moment John reversed the engine and the sparks flew up from her great drivers like a Catherine wheel.

"Brace yourself," cried Saggart. "No. 6 is backing up, thank God!"

Next instant the crash came. Two headlights and two cowcatchers went to flinders, and the two trains stood there with horns locked, but with no great damage done except a shaking up for a lot of panic-stricken passengers.

The burly engineer of No. 6 jumped down and came forward, his mouth full of oaths.

"What do you mean, running on our time like this? Hello, is this you, Saggart? I thought there was a new man on to-night, I didn't expect this from you."

"It's all right, Billy. It wasn't the new man's fault. He's back in the ditch with a broken leg, I should say, from the way he jumped. Old 86 is to blame. She got on the rampage. Took advantage of the greenhorn."

The conductor came running up. "How is it?" he cried.

"It's all right. No. 86 got her nose broke and served her right; that's all. Tell the passenger there's no danger and get 'em on board. We're going to back up to Pointsville. Better send the brakeman to pick up the other engineer. The ground's hard to-night and he may be hurt."

"I'm going back to talk to the president," said the conductor emphatically. "He's in a condition of mind to listen to reason, judging from the glimpse I got of his face at the door of his car a moment ago. Either he re-instates you or I go gathering tickets on a street car. This kind of thing is too exciting for my nerves."

The conductor's interview with the president of the road was apparently satisfactory, for old No. 86 is trying to lead a better life under the guidance of John Saggart.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.  
It relieves the depression therefrom.

"I wish to know," said the elderly female physician, who had been admitted to the office of the Western mayor, "if it is safe for a lone woman to go on the streets here at night?"

And the mayor looked as serious and solemn as the circumstances would permit when he replied: "Madam, I can't look you in the face and say that it is not."—*Detroit Tribune.*

## Don't Wait for the Sick Room.

The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption.

The young man was prematurely gray, and was not a little proud of it. "Looks quite poetic, don't you think?" he could not for fear asking of the young woman he was calling on. "It does remind me of a certain poem, I must admit," said she. "And what is that?"

"When the Frost is on the Pumpkin," and his hair went on whitening at a more rapid rate than ever.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway has now on sale Winter Tourist Tickets, at the lowest rates ever made, to Old Mexico and California. These rates are available for the Winter Fair at San Francisco. The banner route is the Great Trunk Line that passes through six states of the Union and has the most superb and magnificent trains in America. Full particulars may be had from any railroad agent or J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, N. E. corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Proof Positive.



His Honor—What's the charge, officer; drunk? Officer McQuirk—No sir; crazy. His Honor—How do you know? Officer McQuirk—Well, sir, he is proprietor of a daily paper and I heard him tell a man that the paper probably had the smallest circulation in the city, and so— His Honor—The padded cell, quick.



## After the Ball

There is always a great rush for S. DAVIS & SONS' Cigars.

## Washed the Wrong Baby

He was a traveling salesman who spent most of his time upon the road, far from his loved wife and children. For the benefit of the latter he had placed his family in a neat little cottage with a nice yard, and located in the suburbs above the bridge, where life is not so crowded as it is in the city.

Being an affectionate husband and father and finding himself in an adjoining town on a Saturday morning, he resolved to take advantage of the opportunity to pass Sunday by his own hearthstone and in the bosom of his family. He would also give his wife a pleasant surprise.

Arriving at the cottage he found the door locked and no one at home. "She is out marketing for Sunday," he said, and, effecting an entrance, proceeded to make himself at home. He went out on the front porch and was greatly pleased to see his youngest child, a baby in arms when he had last seen it, toddling around the yard. He wondered what he could do to amuse it, and suddenly remembered that his wife always gave the children a bath before putting them to bed. He would bathe this one, so as to give her more time to talk with him.

Very soon had the baby in the bath tub, and despite its appeals for "Ma-ma" and "Pa-pa," had it well lathered and thoroughly scrubbed. While drying the child his wife entered the room.

"Oh, Frank!" she cried. "How did you get home? I am so delighted."

"I thought I'd surprise you, dear," and he released her from his embrace and pointed proudly at his work.

"But what are you doing?" she asked, as she picked up the naked and shivering infant.

"I washed the child so we could have more time together," he replied.

"But this is not our child, Frank; it belongs to our neighbor next door."

Frank returned the borrowed infant and apologized, but he will get someone to introduce him the next time he comes home.—*New York Herald.*

## Pictures Taken By Sky-Rockets

An exceedingly interesting English invention consists of a camera combined with a parachute, especially designed for obtaining photographs of fortifications and of the camp of the enemy, although pictures may also be taken for general surveying purposes. The parachute is snugly folded in a thin case at the end of a rocket, which is fired to the required height and burst open by means of a time fuse. The explosion sets free the parachute, which is protected from injury by means of a casing of asbestos. The parachute has a number of thin umbrella ribs and these are forced outward and kept in that



## Saved Her Life.

Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

## AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Prompt to act, sure to cure

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

CONSUMPTION

position by means of a great spiral spring. From the parachute a camera is suspended, and a string held by the operator is attached by a universal joint to the bottom of the device for the purpose of pulling the parachute back. The camera is fitted with an instantaneous shutter, operated by clockwork, so as to give several exposures at intervals. At the back of the box is an arrangement by which the plates may be manipulated the same as clockwork. A swing motion can be given the camera to obtain pictures over a wide area.—*Chicago Times.*

## A New Through Sleeping Car Line

FROM CHICAGO TO SEATTLE

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul and Great Northern railways, has been established, and first-class sleeping cars will hereafter run daily from Chicago at 10:30 p.m., arriving at Seattle 11:30 p.m., fourth day. This is undoubtedly the best route to reach the North Pacific coast.

For time tables, maps and other information apply to the nearest ticket agent or address A. J. TAYLOR, Canadian Pass. Agent, C. M. and St. P. Ry., 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

Primus—My fiancée is not only beautiful, but to know her is to love her. Secundus—Yes, I have heard that to meet her is to be engaged to her.—*Life.*

## English Opinion

A writer in *Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

Whitens the TEETH and Sweetens the Breath

The Most Agreeable Dentifrice in Use



## LAKEHURST SANITARIUM

For the treatment of Inebriety, Opium Habit and Nervous Diseases. Double Chloride of Gold System. The best equipped and most delightfully situated health resort within 100 miles of Toronto. Complete privacy if desired. Lake breeze. For full information apply Room 35, Bank, Commercial Bank, Toronto, or The Medical Superintendent, Oakville, Ont.

## THE MERCHANTS' RESTAURANT

6 and 8 Jordan Street  
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed. Telephone 1000. HENRY MORGAN, Proprietor.

## The Canada Sugar Refining Co.

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MANUFACTURERS OF REFINED SUGARS AND THE WING-SHOW BRAND

OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY AND PURITY

Made by the Latest Processes, and Nearest and Best Machinery, not surpassed anywhere.

LUMP SUGAR

In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

"CROWN" Granulated

Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

EXTRA GRANULATED

Very Superior Quality.

OREAM SUGARS

(Not dried).

YELLOW SUGARS

Of all Grades and Standards.

SYRUPS

Of all Grades, in Barrels and Half Barrels.

SOLE MAKERS

Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 8 lbs. each.



## The Old Settler's Thanksgiving.

"Well, Major," said the Squire, as the Old Settler came into the tavern Thanksgiving evening, "how'd yer turkey set?"

"To'able, to'able," replied the Old Settler. "But it'd be a settin' a darn sight better if it wasn't for some circumstances that happened. Brother Van Slocum an' a couple o' the sisters that's mixed up with M'lar in the doin's o' the Feeders o' Them that Hungers an' the Clothiers o' Them that's Naked Settle set down to dinner with us, an' circumstances come with 'em. Circumstances I kin come pooty nigh handlin', es a gini' thing, but Brother Van Slocum an' the sistern took together with circumstances, is a little more'n I kin git away with. Do ye feller me, Squire?"

"Well, no," said the Squire, "not es'ac'ly."

The Old Settler was silent for a while, and then said:

"Ye remember Pigeon-toed Thumpty, don't ye, Squire?"

"Dunno es I do," replied the Squire. "But I remember his gran' pap pooty well."

"Jeehwiz, Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Pigeon-toed Thumpty were eighty year old hisself when I were a boy! Ye'd had to be pooty nigh es old es M'husely to remember his gran' pap!"

The Squire stroked his chin and doubled his underlip between his thumb and finger for a minute or so, thinking deeply.

"Humph!" said he, by and by. "Is that so? Come to think on it, Major, mebbe it were Pigeon-toed Thumpty's gran' son that I remember, 'stid o' his gran' pap. That's it! It was his gran' son, I remember! O, yes, Major! That were it. His gran' son!"

"Squire!" exclaimed the Old Settler, and anyone with half an ear could have heard him on the other side of the road. "I've ben settin' down to-day with circumstances to which Brother Van Slocum an' the Feeders an' Clothiers was accessary afore the fact, an' I stood it; but I want to tell ye right here, b'gosh, that I ain't a-gointer come here for a little recreation an' be bamsmuzzlegigged! Do ye understand me? You nor nobody else kin set here, b'gosh! I'mighty, an' bamsmuzzlegig me! B'gosh!"

The Old Settler's vehemence made his face as red as the wattles of the turkey he had killed for his Thanksgiving dinner, and he stumped his cane on the floor in a way that had not been heard for many a day. The Squire and Sol, the landlady, were amazed.

"Bamsmuzzlegigged, Major!" gasped the Squire. "What's under the dome o' the canopy of the blue firmament on high is it to be bamsmuzzlegigged, an' who's doin' it to ye?"

"Ha! ha!" ejaculated the Old Settler. "Innecence on tap! Innecence on tap, b'gosh! Ye draw on yer innecence jist es Sol, here, does on his beer bar! What's bamsmuzzlegiggin' hay! An' who's a-doin' o' it! Ha! ha! It don't make no difference what bamsmuzzlegiggin' is, but ye're a-doin' o' it, an' ye're doin' o' it to me! I shake off circumstances an' Brother Van Slocum an' the sistern, an' come over here fer symphy, an' what do I git? I git bamsmuzzlegigged, b'gosh! That's what I git! Solomon," said the Old Settler to the landlady plaintively, "ain't tha no balm in Gilyud no-where?"

"I think tha is, Major," replied the landlady. "Ten cents a hoot. Three fer a quarter."

The Old Settler gazed at the landlady a moment and then fell back in his chair in a pose expressing helplessness. The Squire, having recovered from his surprise at the vehement charge the Old Settler had made against him, bristled up and said:

"I've been a feller citizen in this deestric' now, boy an' man, fer golin' ont'er bettin' sixty year. I've ben pathmaster, hog const'ble, jedge o' lection, and jestic o' the peace, which the same I be now, if the dockments don't lie, an' I guess they don't, beln' straight outen the Gov'nor's office, signed an' sealed an' to me deliver'd, 'cordin' to the statutes in setch case made an' provided. I've ben 'lectioneer ag'in in a way that'd make my ol' mammy wish she'd died a bornin' if she was on this munda sp're to-day. Things has ben said about me that'd raise the hair on a dead skunk's skin, but by the great horned spoon I nobody never 'cused me afore o' bamsmuzzlegiggin', an' I want perclain it loud an' hearty to the four corners of the 'arth that if tha's a law ag'in setch doin's I'm agointer to hev it put outen the feller that 'cuses me o' 'em, an' I'm agointer to give it to him to his full len'th an' breath! Ye 'cuse me o' bamsmuzzlegiggin' do ye? Splain yerself, Major, or don't blame me when the consequences tumbles outen ye!"

"I ast ye if ye remember'd Pigeon-toed Thumpty, didn't it?" said the Old Settler.

"That's what ye ast me," replied the Squire.

"An' ye said ye didn't, but ye remembered his gran' pap," the Old Settler went on.

"That's what I said," assented the Squire.

"An' I said that ye'd hef to be pooty nigh es old es M'husely if ye know'd his gran' pap, didn't it?"

"That's what ye said."

"Then ye turned round an' said that, come to think on it, it wa'n't Pigeon-toed Thumpty's gran' pap, but his gran' son that ye remembered, didn't ye?"

"That's what I did."

"Then I want to tell ye right now, b'gosh! I might, that when ye said so ye were trying to bamsmuzzlegig me! Pigeon-toed Thumpty were eighty year old when I were a boy, b'gosh! Pigeon-toed Thumpty never got married, an' conseckently he didn't hev no gran' son fer ye to remember! If that ain't bamsmuzzlegiggin' what is it? Solomon, I leave it to you. Hain't that bamsmuzzlegiggin'?"

"Is it?" replied the landlady. "Wall, I should say it were! In the fust degree! It's bamsmuzzlegiggin' in the fust degree, an' nothin' shorter!"

"I pecavvy!" said the Squire. "I plead guilty, an' ast fer the mercy o' the court. But I didn't never think that at my time o' life I'd go so far outen the straight an' narner path es to bamsmuzzlegig anybody. I won't never dest run fer office ag'in. They've cl'ared it that I killed my gran'mother and stole my blind sister's pig afore now, and folks over-looked setch little things es them. But if they fetch it up ag'in me that I bamsmuzzlegigged a neighbor, the jig is up with me! Solomon, that balm in Gilyud I think ye said were three

fer a quarter. Setch bein' the case, dish us up a quarter's wuth, an' me an' ye an' the Major I'll put it some'ers where it can't be bamsmuzzlegigged."

All of which having been done to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, the Squire said:

"So ye sot down with circumstances at yer Thanksgiving dinner, hay, Major?"

"Deed an' double I did!" replied the Old Settler.

"Circumstances, took together with Brother Van Slocum an' some o' the sistern o' the Feeders and Clothiers. Them's what I sot down with. M'lar hadn't told me nothin' 'bout Brother Van an' the sistern coming to fine the festive board, or I'd a done diff'rent. I've got a gobble that's ben struttin' round now fer nine year an' better, an' if I'd a know'd that the Feeders an' Clothiers was gointer come in an' help make me feel thankful I'd a got up stren'th enough an' chopped the head offen that gobble fer 'em to gnash on. Ez it was, I killed the ch'icest spring turkey tha were in my flock, an' the ghost o' that turkey I'll ha'n't me, now, till my dyin' day. I'll wake up nights, I know I will, an' hear that on'fortnit turkey singin' 'Plunged inter a gulf o' dark despair,' an' singin' o' it in bass, ez long ez this lamp o' life o' mine holds out to burn. The fust I know'd that Brother Van Slocum an' the sistern was gointer to be with us an' prevent any o' that turkey bein' left over fer sellin' up cold, I heard a knock at the door, an' when I opened it who should be there waitin' to get in but Brother Van?"

"A-w-w!" says he. "An' how is Brother Giles?"

"To'able, Dominie," I says. "I s'pose ye're goin' round gittin' 'sumpin' together fer Afric's sunny fountains an' Injy's coral strand?"

"No," he says. "We're lettin' the on'fortnit heathens hev a day off, he says. 'We're with 'em in the speert, but we're gointer pay a little 'tention to the flesh here to home to-day. I'm 'spectin' dere to dinner,' he says."

"Sayin' o' which Brother Van come in an' hung his coat on my peg an' sot his hat down on the settin'-room table. He were solemner than usual, I think. I could see Hark from the Tombs 'stickin' out all over him. M'lar came in from mashin' her taters in the kitchen an' shook hands with him an' went back ag'in. Brother Van sot down, an' fellerin' right on his heels, almost, along come Sister Beantop an' Sister Puller. Arter they had shook hands an' sot down, Brother Van says:

"Well, Brother Giles, the summer is past an' the harvest is ended," he says.

"Not quite ended yet," I says. "Tha's a few punkins out yet," I says.

"But how is it with you?" he says.

"Oh! I says, 'I am able to set up an' take a few yet,' I says.

"Wine is a mocker!" says Sister Beantop.

"Well, I says, 'that's a pervidin' how you um fixed ez to change,' I says.

"Drink is raglin'," says Sister Puller.

"Not around here it ain't!" I says. "If ye're 'spectin' anything o' that kind, I says, 'I'll hef to disapp'int ye,' I says."

"Who hath redness o' eyes?" says Van.

"M'lar hath," I says, "but you ortn't to twit on facts," I says. "M'lar's got a sty," I says, "an' she can't help it. A sty," I says, "cometh like a thief in the night, an' don't go 'way with a red cent," I says. "M'lar hath redness o' eyes," I says, "an' I don't think she'd like it to hev ye twit her on it," I says."

"I dunno how much furdre these leetle exhortins would a gone if M'lar hadn't a come in jist then an' said dinner were ready; but the way my dander were gittin' up I've an idee that they'd a gone jist far enough fer me to hev sot Brother Van out on the doorstep. We went out to dinner, an' arter I had helped Brother Van an' the sistern to turkey a couple o' times an' were thinkin' how nice things was goin'—'cause Brother Van an' the sistern hadn't no use fer words—all of a sudden Brother Van lays down his knife an' fork, an' lookin' over to M'lar, with his hands crossed on his stomach, he says:

"Oh, Sister, if I had the wings of a dove!"

"That were more'n I could stand."

"Consearn ye!" I says, "here's a turkey that's ez fat an' crispy ez the best turkey that kings ever sot down to," I says. "Ye've had both legs an' both wings an' a big hunk o' the breast, not mentionin' the back and the gizzard, an' more'n a ladleful o' stuffin'!" I says, "an' now ye lay back an' sinniwate ag'in these victuals by wishin' ye had the wings of a dove!" I says. "Plain Thanksgiving turkey hain't good enough fer you!" I says. "You're built so durn fine that ye want to be fed on the wings of a dove, hay!" I says. "M'lar, I says, 'this is a shame! Ye hain't done the squar' thing by me!' I says. 'Why didn't ye tell me ye were goin' to hev this delicate brother here to-day,' I says, an' I'd a gone out an' gathered a hummin' bird or two," I says, "an' ye could a stewed em in honey fer him," I says, "an' then I could a gone out inter the cold world," I says, "without one wave o' trouble rollin' across my peaceful breast!" I says."

"Sayin' o' which I got up an' grabbed my hat an' left the Feeders and the Clothiers to their self, an' I'll bate four shillin', b'gosh! I'mighty, that they'm a slidin' down Greenlan's ley mountains an' a clankin' o' error's chains like all possessed, this very minute!"

"An' I shouldn't wonder but what ye'd win," said the Squire. "But what has Pigeon-toed Thumpty got to do with it? That's what I want to know."

"He hain't got nothin' to do with it," replied the Old Settler. "Speakin' o' the wings of a dove kinder put me in mind of Pigeon-toed Thumpty, that's all. But I've got a quarter, Squire. S'pose'n we put some more o' that balm in Gilyud where it can't be bamsmuzzlegigged!"—Ed Mott in N. Y. Sun.

A Narrow Escape From Marriage.

I was talking with the old colored man who was watching the big pile of bacon on the depot platform, when a very black but very tidy-looking young woman came down from the passenger depot and said:

"I was waitin' to go down to Demopolis dis evenin', but can't find out 'bout de trains."

"What yo' want know about trains?" asked the old man as he looked her over.

"I want find out when de train goes, of co'ce," she replied.

"Huh! Didn't yo' see dat time table posted

up in de depot? What we git out dat time 'sible fur onless folks am gwine to read it?"

"Reckon yo' might tell me," she said as she turned away.

"Reckon I might tell fo' hundred people a day, but I sha'n't do it. Whar yo' cum from, eh?"

"Why, don't yo' dun know yo' own family?" she exclaimed.

"Own family? How own family? I nebber dun sot eyes on yo' befo'!"

"Dat's kase I wasn't home when yo' dun married my ma last Tuesday. I was down to Demopolis an' couldn't cum home."

"Huh! Yo' don't say! Yes, I married Mrs. Green last Tuesday, an' 'tze dun counted up nine children, but I didn't see yo'. So yo' am my stepdarter!"

"Reckon so."

"An' 'tze yo' stepdarter?"

"Dat's what ma says."

"Huh! Dat takes my breaf away! Waal, young woman, I'ze gwine fur to tell yo' dat de train fur Demopolis leave yere at five o'clock, an' furdmore, dat yo' mudder has dun made a mighty narre escape."

"What's gwine to hurt my ma?" she asked.

"Nuffin gwine to hurt her now, nuffin 'tall, but yo' jest presume to consider, an' don't yo' forget it, dat if I had sot eyes on yo' two m'nits befo' I dun got 'tined to yo' mudder yo' would now be my wife an' she would have been lef'!"

"Train leaves at five o'clock, an' yo' want to git yo' ole trunk down yere 'bout half an hour ahead of time or the baggage-man will kick boaf ends in an' smash de lock!"—Terre Haute Express.

## Fashions of Bible Times.

Could anything be more dryly humorous than the following: "Women who indulge in the prevailing fashion of dress sleeves are advised to open their Bible and read Ezekiel, xlii, 18, which text says: 'Woe to the women who sew pillows to all arm-holes.'"

There are many more of what may be called hints to fashionable women in this part of the scriptures, which seem to indicate that there is no new thing under the sun in feminine apparel—not even puffed sleeves, and certainly not "crisping pins."

But happily some of these fashions are obsolete: for if women now wore, in addition to the pillows sewed to their sleeves, the "tinkling ornaments about their feet," and the cauls (cauls are still a fashionable frivolity, but they are spelled differently), and the round tires like the moon, and the muffers, and the ornaments of the legs, and the nose jewels, and the wimples, "all of which (together with several other things which are still in fashion) Isaiah complained bitterly about, the state of fashionable society would be even worse than it is now."—Boston Transcript.

## The Grippe Epidemic.

A Scourge More to be Dreaded Than Cholera

Medical Science Powerless to Prevent Its Spread—It is Again Sweeping Over Canada With Great Severity—How Its Evil Effects Can Best be Counteracted—Only Prompt Measures Can Ensure Safety.

It is stated on high medical authority that an epidemic of the grippe is more to be feared than an outbreak of cholera. The latter disease can be controlled and where sanitary precautions are observed the danger can be reduced to the minimum. But not so with the grippe. Medical science has not yet fathomed its mysteries, and is powerless to prevent its spread. Three years ago an epidemic of the grippe swept over this country, leaving death and shattered constitutions in its wake and now once more it has appeared in epidemic form; not so severe, perhaps, as on the former occasion, but with sufficient violence to cause grave alarm and to warn the prudent to take prompt measures to resist its inroads.

When, a few months ago, it was announced that cholera had broken out in Grimsby, one of England's important seaports, it was feared that this time the continent, yet this once dreaded scourge was checked and exterminated with a loss of not more than half a dozen lives. That the grippe is more to be dreaded than cholera is shown by the fact that in London last week upwards of an hundred deaths were due to this trouble and medical science is powerless to prevent it spread and can do nothing more than relieve those stricken with the disease. At the present moment thousands of Canadians are suffering from the grippe and the misery it is causing would be difficult to estimate. Even when the immediate symptoms of the disease disappear it too frequently leaves even the most robust constitution shattered. The after-effects of the grippe are perhaps more dangerous than the disease itself and assume many forms, such as extreme nervousness, distressing headaches, pains in the back, loss of appetite, depression of spirits, shortness of breath on slight exertion, swelling of the limbs and indisposition to exertion, a feeling of constant tiredness, partial paralysis and many other distressing symptoms. In removing the after effects of the grippe, or for fortifying the system to withstand its shock, no remedy has met with as great success as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They rebuild the blood, restore shattered nerves, and place the sufferer in a condition of sound health. In proof of these statements we reproduce a few letters speaking in the strongest and most positive terms as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of the grippe or influenza.

Mr. George Rose, Rednersville, Ont., says: "I am well to day and do not hesitate giving Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the credit of saving my life. I had three attacks of the grippe, or for hardly stand alone. I had no appetite, I could not sleep because my legs and feet became badly swollen and cramped. The pain was at times so violent that I could not refrain from screaming, and I would tumble about in bed and long for day to come. If I attempted to get up and walk I was apt to fall from dizziness. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did not help me, and I was so discouraged I did not think I could live more than a few months, when one day I read in the paper of the cure of a man whose symptoms were like mine. I sent for a box of Pink Pills, and by the time it was gone there was an improvement. I continued the use of the pills, found that I could now get a good night's sleep, and the cramps and pains which had formerly made my life miserable, had disappeared, and I felt better than I had in four years. I know that it was Pink Pills that brought about the change, because I was taking nothing else. I have taken in all seven boxes, and I feel as good now as I did at forty years of age."

Captain James McKay, Liverpool, N.S., says: "I had the grippe about three years ago and that tied me up pretty well. I wasn't fit to take charge of a ship, so sailed south as far as Milk River, Jamaica, as nurse for an invalid gentleman. The weather was simply melting, and I used to lie on the deck at night, and in my weakened condition got some sort of fever. When I reached home I was completely used



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## Music.

**T**HE Musical Mutual Protective Union of New York has fought many bitter battles against the employment of foreign and non-union talent by leading conductors of that city, much to the annoyance and, oftentimes, discomfiture of the latter. One of the most celebrated of these fights was threshed out in the courts some years ago, when Theodore Thomas gained a decisive victory over the Union, which materially increased the respect felt for him by his opponents, if it did not add to the meagre portion of affection entertained for him previous to the trouble. Mr. Walter Damrosch is now bidding defiance to the same middle-class body regarding the importation of Mr. Anton Hegner, the new cellist of his Symphony Orchestra. At a recent meeting of the Union, after some heated discussion, Mr. Damrosch is reported to have resigned with these words: "It is evident from the character of the remarks that are being made by many of the speakers, that the sentiment of this meeting is against me. I was under the impression that the objects of the Union were not only beneficial but artistic, that it aimed not only to protect the interests of the musician, but also those of music. But it would seem as if the idea was to quote the words of Mr. Nesbitt: 'Art be—! It's the almighty dollar we are after!' Such being the case I must present my resignation as a member." With these words, spoken earnestly but forcibly, Mr. Walter Damrosch handed a paper to President Bremer, slapped his hat on his head and walked out of the hall.

The outcome of Mr. Damrosch's action will be watched with considerable interest throughout the country. It does not appear probable that the cause of music in America will be materially advanced if the interests of the art are to be sacrificed to the mercenary aims of men who confess that the "almighty dollar" is their governing principle, and who at the same time boldly declare contempt for the artistic features of their work. Since Mr. Damrosch resigned, the members of the orchestra created no small sensation at a concert announced for last Monday evening in Carnegie Hall, New York, by refusing to respond to his baton. The audience was dismissed, and the musical public has the greatest problem of recent years to discuss. Should Mr. Damrosch hold out, it is altogether probable that the New York Symphony Orchestra as it now exists will be a thing of the past.

An orchestra has been formed in New York composed exclusively of American musicians, the object being to demonstrate that it is unnecessary to import foreign players to do work which, it is claimed, can be done as satisfactorily by natives. This practical protest against the employment of foreign talent has occasioned considerable comment in musical circles of the American metropolis, opinion being pretty evenly divided as to the artistic possibilities of the new venture. A glance at the names of musicians comprising the orchestra reveals the fact that seven-eighths of the members are of undoubted Teutonic extraction, the majority of the names being so characteristically "Dutch" as to suggest visions of Kulmbacher, Limburger, pretzels and sauer kraut. The following sage remarks, in this connection, of the New York *Musical Courier* as to the Shakespearean puzzle of what's "what's in a name," are worth reproducing: "Mr. Sam Franko's idea in organizing an American orchestra is a capital one. It is superfluous to add that all depends on the manner in which the scheme is handled. As to the fun that has been poked at the affair on account of the Teutonic names of many of the members, we can only ask: What constitutes a genuinely American name? Smith, Jones or Robinson—they are ultra-British. Muldoon, McFad and O'Hooligan—yes, on second thoughts they do sound American—that is, New York American. The Epsteins, Blums and Dinkelspiels are as truly American as the Trajettas, Bunderunds and Sandy McQuirkis."

The question of American music and its supposed special rights is proving a serious matter for the editors of some of our leading American musical journals. Generally the shafts of criticism and invective are pointed at programme makers, who, for some seemingly incomprehensible reason, persist in giving German composers a place on their programmes. Our old friend Richard Wagner seems to be chiefly responsible for the nightmares which afflict some writers as to the "deplorable neglect" of the native composer. It is refreshing, therefore, to find that at last one seriously disposed editor, Mr. W. S. B. Matthews of *Music* (Chicago), takes decided exception to the works of another composer, who he feels is being honored at the expense of the home-made article. Mr. Matthews dilates learnedly after this fashion: "But I notice that the American composer is very apt to get left. If there is a frost anywhere his work is the one which gets snipped. On the other hand, there seems to be plenty of time to give fourth-rate English music like this stuff of Sullivan's—The Golden Legend. Sullivan is not a great man, even if dignified with a 'Sir.' His music is well and industriously made with a certain appreciation of effect, but there is little in it. At the very best it is below much of American production which these directors or music committee people do not seem to know about." After reading the above one hardly knows whom to sympathize with most—Mr. Matthews or some of his possible readers whose excitement at this reflection upon Sullivan's "stuff" can be more readily imagined than described.

The approaching convention of the Canadian Society of Musicians, which takes place on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week in the theater of the Normal School, promises to be unusually successful. As the objects of the society are to encourage and foster musical art throughout the Dominion, and to promote the higher interests of the profession, as well as to cultivate fraternal feelings among its members, the efforts of this organization are deserving of the warmest support of every Canadian musician. The programme committee have arranged a series of attractions for this year which cannot fail to prove inter-

esting and profitable to all who attend. A lecture and piano recital by Mr. Edward Baxter Perry of Chicago, and an essay and song recital by Mr. Louis Elson of Boston, will be the foreign contributions to the proceedings. Piano recitals will also be given by Messrs. H. M. Field and J. D. A. Tripp, assisted by Mesdames d'Auria and Klingensfeld and Messrs. Klingensfeld, Ruth and Webster. An essay on Wagner and another on church music will probably provoke interesting and animated discussions. Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Bac. Oxon, will contribute the essay on the latter subject.

Several of our city church choirs have arranged special musical programmes for tomorrow evening's services, the character of the music being appropriate to the festive season now upon us. The Christmas Eve service at St. Simon's church will be especially attractive. The choir will sing carols throughout the service in place of the customary hymns. These beautiful compositions have been carefully selected by the choir-master, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, so as to comprise some of the best available specimens, both ancient and modern, some being centuries old, and others by Barnby, Dykes and other modern writers. The high reputation enjoyed by the choir of St. Simon's, among surplised choirs of this city, and the attractive service arranged by Mr. Harrison for this occasion will, without doubt, tend to crowd the church to the doors to-morrow evening.

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer have in preparation Neil W. Gade's beautiful cantata Christmas Eve, which will be given for the first time in this city by this excellent organization on Tuesday evening, December 26, the night after Christmas. The work is written for contralto solo and double chorus, one representing a chorus of seraphims, the other a chorus of shepherds. Mrs. Frank W. Lauder, a pupil of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam, will sing the contralto solos. The cantata will be accompanied by organ and harp, Mr. J. Edmund Jones presiding at the organ. Besides the cantata Mr. Frank W. Lee, baritone, will sing Nativity by Harry Rowe Shelly, and the choir-master, Mr. Walter H. Robinson, under whose direction the work will be given, will sing O Holy Night by Adams. A collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.

Mrs. Caldwell will assist the choir of Elm street Methodist church at their Christmas Eve service to-morrow evening. An excellent programme has been prepared under Mr. Blight's direction, and the occasion promises to be one of the most enjoyable musical services held by any of our city choirs this season.

The approaching minstrel performances to be held on January 18, 19 and 20, under the auspices of the Toronto Lacrosse Club, are exciting no little interest among the friends of the boys throughout the city. A chorus of forty good voices, under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch, is expected to give an unusually good account of itself on this occasion. Features of the programme which will prove somewhat of a novelty are a fancy drill and march which are being assiduously practiced under the direction of Messrs. Harry Willis and Arthur Armstrong.

The third week in February will witness the promised performance of Sophocles' Greek play, Antigone, by the students of the University of Toronto. The beautiful music which Mendelssohn has set to this play will be rendered by a chorus of seventy-five voices and a large and efficient orchestra. Mr. F. H. Torrington will conduct the performance. Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., of the Conservatory of Music School of Education has been engaged to instruct those taking part in the work in the mysteries of the dramatic action of the play and other features which will aid materially in the success of the undertaking. His Excellency the Governor-General and the Countess of Aberdeen have extended their personal and immediate patronage to the students in the production of this fine work.

Mr. Arthur T. Blakeley's second organ recital for this season attracted a large audience to the Sherbourne street Methodist church on Saturday afternoon last. The programme was largely made up of Christmas music transcribed for and adapted to the organ, and its rendition gave much pleasure to those present.

Marteau, the great violinist, who is shortly to appear in Toronto, scored a grand triumph in Montreal on the occasion of his first appearance in that city last week. The Montreal papers are unanimous as to the marvelous technical dexterity and genuine musical inspiration of this wonderfully gifted performer, whose remarkable successes wherever he has appeared recall similar triumphs won by the great pianist Paderewski, and less recent ovations extended to Rubinstein before he left the concert platform. Marteau's introduction to a Toronto audience will certainly prove the artistic event of the year.

The Commercial Travelers' complimentary concert to Mr. R. B. Lindon, held in the Pavilion last Saturday evening, was a very successful affair. The audience was large and enthusiastic, and the programme one of musical excellence. The P. nati Quartette, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Robinson, contributed two numbers and received well merited encores. Miss Florence Brinson, who has been studying in New York, and who came to Toronto specially to sing in this concert, displayed a soprano voice of unusual compass and sweetness, and the manner in which her first number, Because of Thee, was rendered made her a favorite with the audience at once, and her next appearance was the signal for a loud burst of applause. Mr. Garratt sang Streletski's Happy Days charmingly, and Mr. Harry M. Blight, who has an excellent voice, sang by request Russell's This New Land of Ours. A feature of the programme was Mr. Percy L. Bailey's violin solos, which were rendered in a very artistic manner. Mr. Thomas A. Baker in his comic songs and Mr. Harry Simpson's exhibition of ventriloquism were very clever. Mr. W. N. Shaver made his first appearance in the Pavilion on this occasion. He possesses a good baritone voice and sang Verdi's Tempest of the Heart with telling effect. The programme was brought to a close

by selections from the Toronto Mandolin and Guitar quartette.

Owing to the unpleasant nature of the weather the audience which attended the closing exercises of the Conservatory School of Education on Friday evening, December 15, was not so large as it would otherwise have been. Those who attended enjoyed an exceptionally fine recital. The selections were all choice, appealing to the highest literary taste. The young ladies displayed fine training and remarkable ease and self-possession. All phases of expression were manifested with equal success. An attractive feature of the programme was the Gamut of Pantomime, which displayed the flexibility of training necessary for bodily expression, and reflected great credit on Miss Baright, the teacher in this department. Where all was so good it was difficult to individualize, but a word of special praise should be given to Miss Gunn and Miss Sargent for the skillful manner of the interpretation of the tragic scenes from The Last Days of Pompeii. Miss Wallace and Miss Dwyer were equally charming in lighter work. Miss White-side strengthened the favorable impression already received of her abilities. It is safe to predict a very successful career for this young lady. The programme was pleasantly interspersed by piano numbers from pupils of Mr. Fisher, who acquitted themselves in their usual finished and artistic manner. Mr. Shaw, the principal, is to be congratulated upon the success of the term's work.

Miss Lillie G. Easton's humorous and dramatic recital in St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Thursday evening, December 14, was a charming affair. The young elocutionist was in excellent form and exhibited her talent, particularly in The Song of the Market Place. She handled Perdita, too, in a way quite her own and very effective in result. Miss Easton gives promise of a bright career as an elocutionist. On this occasion she was assisted by Mr. H. M. Blight, vocalist, and Mrs. Blight, pianist.

## The Last Judgment.

On Tuesday evening last, at the Jarvis street Baptist church, a performance of Spohr's The Last Judgment was given that is particularly noteworthy, not only for the great excellence of the production from a musical standpoint, but that it seems to be the only oratorio landmark that will enable Torontonians to remind themselves that there is such a form in music when casting a retrospective glance over the season of '93-94 (the festival being distant yet five months). In The Last Judgment Spohr entered the wedge for the development of what might be called the modern oratorio. Strongly dramatic, the counterpoint is ever pure, and though the score is teeming with fine contrasts, dynamic effects, startling modulations and an apparent disregard for conventionalities, nevertheless the composer never once oversteps the bounds of decorum. It would seem that Ludwig Spohr stands in about the same relation to the development of oratorio as Weber was the stepping-stone between the purists and Wagner in opera. The oratorio in question is by no means a simple work. The recitatives are particularly "catchy" to effectively render and the short bits of aria from their chromatic nature are not easy, while the modern style of choral writing adopted by the composer calls for the complete play of a competent conductor. That Mr. Vogt is possessed of the qualifications requisite to the make-up of a successful conductor was clearly demonstrated on Tuesday evening. There was even noticeable a careful musicianly intelligence that allowed of no deviation from genuine and earnest work. To particularize one might especially mention Lord God of Heaven and Earth for solo, quartette and chorus, the fugato, Blessing and Honor, and the great chorus Destroyed is Babylon, besides the splendid bit of polyphonic writing, Thine is the Kingdom. The forces employed in the rendition of this work included the regular choir of the church augmented for the occasion to nearly one hundred voices, Messrs. Paterson and Sauerman, sopranos, Miss Elliot, alto, Mr. Lye, tenor, and Messrs. Davies and Fletcher, basses, being the soloists, all of whom acquitted themselves with a high degree of credit. For correctness of intonation and earnestness of purpose Mr. Lye is entitled to more than a passing word, also Mr. Davies, whose work showed him to be possessed of an excellent basso cantante, which he uses with considerable skill and effect. The accompaniment used was the King Hall condensation of the score for piano and organ, and truly admirable it is. Signer Dinelli was the pianist, and he played in such sympathy with the conductor's desires as one expects from this really splendid musician. Mr. W. H. Hewlett presided at the organ, and the excellence of his work in his by no means easy task is deserving of the warmest commendation. The oratorio was preceded by De la Tombelle's March Nuptiale (op. 33), which was well played by Mr. Hewlett; a most effective part song, The Singers, by Gaul, and a solo by Signer Dinelli—Fopper's Widmung.

That the people of Toronto desire oratorio was proved by the audience of splendid proportions that gathered to hear this work. Give us some more, gentlemen! Oratorio is virtually an English institution, and we want all we can get. Let us have a good programme, and no matter who is at the helm we will all go to hear it.

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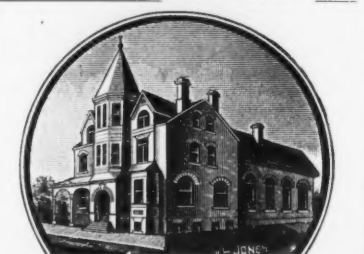
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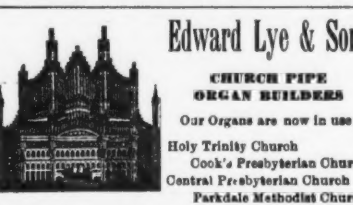
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## Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Regan received on Tuesday last, both afternoon and evening, at 13 Homewood avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Gregory of Nova Scotia have taken Dr. Baldwin's residence at 46 Avenue road, furnished, for the winter.

Mr. John C. T. Thompson of Ottawa, son of Rt. Hon. Sir John Thompson, and Mr. W. Martin Griffin, son of the librarian of the House of Commons, left last night for home. They have been in attendance at the law school here.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Sherbourne street gave a beautiful luncheon on Monday. Her table was a marvel of prettiness and taste, and the menu above criticism. Mrs. Mackenzie is one of the most hospitable hostesses on the east side.

The little bird says that the sweetest looking guest at the Gledyith dance was Miss Dixon, who captured so many hearts at Mrs. Cawthra's fancy ball last year. That the dance at the Fort was quite too too, and that the combination of the nations resulted in charming hospitality. That below Queen street it's Jarvis street, from Queen to Carlton, Jarvis street, and above Carlton it's Jarvis street, don't ye know? That Mr. Stimson was quite awfully realistic as the little thief from Erin. That there will be a young people's dance at Florsheim during the Christmas holidays. That the various churches are being beautifully decorated. That the Driving Club have not squared the clerk of the weather. That Tuesday evening brought out a few society people to see the cleverest thing that has been put on the stage at the Grand this season, and that the opinion of the players regarding Toronto audiences had better not be translated.

Mr. Henry P. R. Temple of Grosvenor street, son of Mr. Robert H. Temple, the well known and popular broker, has left for Victoria, B.C., where he is to fill, temporarily, an important position in the employ of the National Electric Tramway and Light Co. After leaving Trinity University Mr. Temple spent two years in the Edison General Electric Works at Schenectady, N. Y. His many friends hope for his return to the city in a few months.

Mr. James Crowther's Smoking Concert was a very jolly affair. While opinions differed as to the notion of making it a hard-times concert, the intention was to provide additional fun and flip to what is always an enjoyable event, and to give the clever men a chance to exhibit their talents in the effort to dress presentably on the smallest possible expenditure. The judges, Messdames Crowther, Gibson, Ryerson and Denison, found it difficult to settle upon a standard, and the competition was so close for second prize between two antique beaux, Messrs. W. Crowther and A. Beardmore, that lots were drawn. A fine sense of pathos continually cropped up in the characters. One decayed gentleman wore in his buttonhole a beautiful rose. On being charged by the fair judges with extravagance in not having substituted an old artificial one, he replied with a smile, "Madam, I could not—but it was my last ten cents." Mr. Gibson in his very dilapidated uniform, with wounded head and patched and gaping shoes, stood "Attention" in such a pathetic manner, with an old branch for a rifle, that the kind hearts who love a uniform gave him third prize. A very bold and giddy girl, who was addressed as Alice in the play performed in the pretty theater, took the first prize. Probably the proverbial gallantry of the other candidates brought about this result, though it was an open secret that fair Alice was Mr. J. A. MacDonald. After the play and judging of costumes, the gentlemen returned to the theater and the concert took place. Mr. Crowther's bounteous hospitality provided a very substantial and elegant supper, and a merry party surrounded the table. A *coterie* of ladies kept the judges company in the drawing-room until twelve o'clock, and included: Messdames Riddan, J. Kerr Osborne, Castle, John Cawthra, and Misses Bunting, Riddan, Fraser, Lockhart and Ryerson. Among the guests were: Messrs. Ryerson, A. Denison, Bertie Cawthra, Armstrong, J. Small, Bickford, Col. Dawson, Mc-Murray, Dunstan, Sheppard, J. Fraser MacDonald, Delasco, and Webster.

The officers and non-commissioned officers of "A" Company, Royal Grenadiers, will hold their annual dinner at Webb's parlors on Thursday evening, December 28.

Mrs. George Allen Arthur's dance last evening was a very bright and picturesque affair. Ravenswood's handsome rooms were resonant with music and good wishes for the festive season. I hope to describe the *cotillon* next week.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Etta Haney of Dunn avenue and Mr. William Gray Davis of Chicago. The ceremony will take place on Wednesday evening, December 27.

The Christmas Tree given to the poor sufferers at the Toronto General Hospital will be lit and stripped this evening, and a merry time is anticipated.

Mrs. T. G. Foster of Apsley House, Bloor street east, gave one of the most enjoyable At Homes of the season on Saturday last. From four to seven the spacious and artistically decorated drawing-rooms were thronged with bonny maids and matrons, and a goodly sprinkling of the sterner sex. The bright little hostess received her guests in a prettily fashioned gown of blue and white India silk, with trimmings of sapphire blue velvet and lace. Her assistants in one drawing-room were Mrs. T. R. Elgie, a charming picture in white with violets; Mrs. Guy Warwick, modestly gowned in white with buttercup and lace trimmings; Mrs. Morse, one of this season's brides, also wore white with a suspicion of green about it, and dainty lace; and Miss MacDonald's gown was in the same tints, with bodice of white corded silk with balloon sleeves. In the refreshment room the many prettily shaded lamps gave a charming effect to the dainty tables, the motif of which was yellow with smilax decorations. An attractive bevy of pretty debutantes attended to the guests. Among the many handsome toilets I particularly admired that worn by one of our

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latest brides, Mrs. Dr. Elliott. It was a rich combination of dark brown silk brocade with Louis coat of brown velvet and blue *merveilleux* vest shot with gold. A chapeau and muff to match completed the toilette. Mrs. J. H. Gunn wore a striking combination of black and white broadcloth with touches of beaver; Mrs. John Dixon, a gown of black with bodice of pink brocade silk. Others present were: Mrs. Edwin Pearson, Miss Edna Pearson, Mrs. R. J. Tackaberry, Miss Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Ivens, Mr. and Mrs. Maddison, Mr. and Mrs. Greene, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, Miss Fraser, Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Warwick, Mrs. Britton, Mrs. Arthur Rutter, Rev. Septimus and Mrs. Jones and many others. In the evening a very jolly dance was given to which were bidden all the fair assistants of the afternoon and a number of others, among whom I noticed: Mrs. Oliphant, looking particularly handsome in black and white evening dress; Miss Louise Brown, in green and white; Miss Mabel Eckhardt, in pink, flounced with lace; Miss Morrison of St. George street, Miss Fraser, Miss Capon, Dr. Maybury, Dr. Capon, Dr. Davison, and Messrs. Piddington, McKeown, Walter E. Robinson, Greene, Tilley, Elgie, Gordon Crean and a number of others.

Mr. R. G. Wilkie left on Tuesday of last week by the Furnessia for Scotland, where he will remain for the winter. Mrs. Wilkie will visit, during his absence, with her sister, Mrs. Frank Yeigh.

Judge and Mrs. Falconbridge and family left for Paris last week.

Mrs. Norman Allen, 108 Carlton street, was at home to her numerous friends on Saturday afternoon, December 16, from five to seven o'clock.

Mr. Arthur Stringer has gone home to London for the holidays.

Mrs. Downey and Miss Schroeder of New York, who have been paying a short visit at Barrie, return to town to day. These ladies are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Blackstock of St. George street.

Mr. MacIntosh, like the young Lochinvar whom he so gracefully represented last winter, has "come out of the West" and is spending the holidays in Toronto.

Mrs. (Col.) Hamilton's concert at the Home for Incurables on Saturday evening last was a rare treat to those poor sufferers. Miss Slaven of Orillia, Miss Kerr and Messrs. Joe Kilgour, Hutchinson, Smedley and Davies contributed to the first part of the programme. The Q.O.R. Buglers, with their latest original side show and burlesque band, scored a big success with



the audience. Bugle-Sergeant Ross acted as master of ceremonies. Songs by Buglers Lennox, Gorrie, Brown and a cornet solo by Bugler Vic. Gianelli and bone solo by Bugler Joyce were well rendered. Mr. C. H. Nelson ably filled the duties of chairman.

Mr. W. G. Kennedy, of Messrs. Samson, Kennedy & Co., has returned from Europe.

The Count and Countess LeBlanc of Saray are among several distinguished foreigners who will attend the balls this week, and who will spend Christmas in Toronto.

Miss Wallis of Boston, Mass., is staying with friends on Jarvis street.

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### NOTICE

A General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Sheppard Publishing Company (Limited), will be held at the office of the said Company on  
**WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1893**  
At three o'clock, p.m.  
when the Annual Statement will be presented and officers elected for the ensuing year.  
JOHN A. TAYLOR  
Secretary-Treasurer.



## Victoria Vagaries.

OLD King Boreas and his satellites held high revel on Friday evening, December 15, and fairly danced in their glee at the devastation they were creating outside. It seemed as if the everlasting tank had sprung a leak and again "the waters would cover the earth." However, neither the demoralization of the street car service, the precarious state of the sidewalks, the falling sleet, nor the howling winds were sufficient to deter some seven hundred people from attending the annual conversation of Victoria University. In strong contrast to the gloomy night, everything inside was gay; orchestras in flowery bowers discoursed sweet music, while the smaller rooms were decorated with a view to facilitating *le te les*. The corridors were tastefully decorated, the doorways of the various rooms were hung with heavy curtains and a profusion of art squares and rugs gave the already beautiful building a very home-like appearance. But the prettiest sight of all was the magnificent stairways with the mirthful, gay crowd of young and old which ever thronged them. Gay gowns and the more sober colors of academic attire commingled in the various corridors and lent a pleasing variety to the scene. A dim, religious light pervaded the various rooms, and many a *chaperone* wended a weary way in search of missing charges. Everybody regretted that our popular chancellor, Dr. Burwash, was too ill to be present, and in his absence Mrs. Burwash, with Prof. Reynar, Dean of the Faculty, held an informal reception in the early evening. Friendly greetings were extended to the various educational institutions with a view to increasing the inter-collegiate spirit, and their students were represented as follows: University College, K. D. W. MacMillan; McGill University, Frank T. Day; Queen's University, J. S. Sport; McMaster University, H. P. Whidden, B.A.; Wycliffe College, R. J. Murphy, B.A.; Knox College, J. A. Mustard, B.A.; St. Michael's College, John E. McRae; Toronto School of Medicine, Robt. B. Wells; School of Pedagogy, F. A. Stuart, B.A.; Woman's Medical College, Miss Burt. On account of the inclement weather the guests were late in arriving, and it was 8:45 when the concert began. The chapel was brilliantly lighted and prettily decorated and was eminently adapted for concert purposes. The University of Toronto Banjo, Guitar and Mandolin Club and the undergraduates of the Ontario Ladies' College of Whitby furnished the programme, which though rather long was listened to throughout with great interest. Certainly the union of the talent of Whitby and Toronto in academic lines was very successful, and augurs well for a continuance of this pleasant event. To Dr. and Mrs. Hare is due much of the success of the gathering. The following was the programme presented:

- PART I.
1. Piano Quartette: Overture to Der Freischütz. Weber. Misses Bowerman, Duckett, Martin, and Crosby.
  2. Vocal Solo: "Bury, ye Apple Buds." Stephen A. Emery. Miss D. McMurtry.
  3. Reading: A Bachelor's Troubles. Hesekiah Butterworth. Miss M. Brown.
  4. The Darkies Jubilee. Varsity Banjo Club.
  5. Violin Solo: "The Nightingale." Chopin. Miss G. Mason.
  6. Piano Solo: "Solitaire de Vienna." Liszt. Miss K. Wright.
  7. Vocal Duet: "Cheerfulness." F. Gumbert. Misses Whitla, McMurtry, Taylor, and Acheson.
- PART II.
1. Violin Solo: "Romance in G." Beethoven. Miss Chisholm.
  2. Reading: "The First Christmas." Lew Wallace. Miss M. Pease.
  3. Vocal Solo: "L'Inconnu." Liigi Arditi. Miss K. Whitla.
  4. The Varsity Chorus: "The Varsity Mandolin Club." High School Chorus.
  5. Vocal Trio: "Row Us Swiftly." Campana. Misses McMurtry, Moore, Pease, Acheson, McKee, and Johnston.
  6. Piano Quartette: "Hungarian Dance." Brahms. Misses Service, Ruthbone, Williams, and Martin.

At the close of the concert programme, promenade to the music of their orchestras was indulged in, lasting until an early hour, when the guests left the scene of mirth and gaiety to plunge again into the murky darkness. The refreshment rooms were very complete and won golden opinions from every person present. Too much credit cannot be given to the live and energetic committee which perfected the arrangements for this successful gathering. It was composed of Messrs. Geo. H. Locke, B.A. (chairman); R. A. A. Shore '95, secretary; B. J. Hales '94, treasurer; R. H. Johnston, B.A., H. T. Lewis '94, J. A. Ayearst '94, A. J. Paul '94, J. W. Ketching '95, J. C. Gardner '95, W. F. Hansford '96, H. C. Cox '96, W. P. O'Flynn '96, H. M. Evans '97, H. A. Shaver '97, T. J. Ivey '97.

After the conversation was over a dinner was given in Jackson Hall to enable the committee and their friends to meet in a more genial, friendly and personal manner the representatives of the other universities and colleges. A very pleasant time was spent in speech and song, the various representatives bearing their greetings to Victoria. In response to the toast of The Ladies, Messrs. M. C. Peart, B.A., and P. O'Rafferty, '96, made gallant speeches.

Quite a delegation came from Hamilton to enjoy the academic festivities. Among them were: Mrs. W. E. Sanford, Mr. E. Jackson Sanford, B.A., of Wessford, Miss Evans, Mr. W. Sanford Evans, Mr. H. Robinson, Mrs. S. F. Laxier, Miss Laxier, Mr. Ernest Laxier, B.A., and Mr. W. J. Skyes, B.A.

Among those present from Toronto were: Hon. J. C. Atkins, Miss Atkins, Mrs. N. Burwash, Prof. and Mrs. Badgley, Miss Badgley, Miss Bridgland, Mr. James Brenner, M.A., Mrs. Brenner, Dr. and Mrs. Bingham, Prof. and Mrs. Bell, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Baxter, Miss L. Brown, Mr. E. M. Burwash, Miss Baker, Miss Bowerman, Miss M. Brown, Mrs. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Cox, Miss H. C. Cox, Miss Crosby, Prof. A. P. Coleman, Miss Copp, Miss Chisholm, Bishop and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. E. R. Dewar, Miss Dowd, Miss Davis of Peterboro', Mr. Dobie, Miss Eckhardt, Mr. W. Eaton, Prof. Fick, Miss L. Ford, Dr. and Mrs. Graham, Miss Graham of Brampton, Mr. Gallagher,

Miss Gurney, Miss M. Gurney, Mr. G. P. Goldsmith, Mr. J. Gilmour, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hansford, Miss Hansford, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Mr. W. Hargrave, Rev. Dr. Hare, Mrs. Hare, H. Johnston, M.D., Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, Col. C. S. Jones, Mr. Jory, Mr. F. D. Kerr, Prof. Keys, Miss Ida Kent, President London, Mrs. London, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Locke, Miss Lowry, Miss Lennox, Miss Lays, Miss A. A. Macdonell, B.A., Mr. and Mrs. John T. Moore, Miss Moore, Miss Watson, Mr. McNaught, G. F. Marter, M.P.P., Mrs. McIntyre, Mr. A. Mackay, Miss B. Morrow of Peterboro', Miss Massey, Mr. H. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orr, Miss Pugsley, Mr. P. Parker, Hon. J. C. Patterson, M.A., Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Parker, Rev. Dr. Potts, Miss Potts, Rev. M. C. Peart, Miss Port, Miss C. Port, Prof. Reynar, Miss Reynar, Miss Rowan, Mr. Alf. Rogers, Mr. E. B. Ryckman, Dr. E. H. Robinson, Mr. W. R. Riddell, Q.C., and Mrs. Riddell, Miss May Rogers, Mr. Percy Rowland, Mr. Newton Rowell, Mr. R. E. Fair, Mr. J. R. L. Starr, Mr. Bert Sutcliffe, Miss Sutcliffe, Mr. Royce, Miss Rathbone, Dr. Ryerson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Ryerson, Rev. J. E. and Mrs. Starr, Prof. VanderSmitten, Miss VanderSmitten, Miss Service, Miss Shore, Miss C. Shore, Mr. T. E. E. Shore, Prof. Tracy, Miss Treble, Miss Wilkinson, Dr. W. E. Willmott, Mrs. Willmott, Miss Webster, Miss Whitla, Joseph Tait, M.P.P., Mrs. and Miss Fowler, Mr. G. Walker, Mrs. and Miss Withrow, Mr. W. Withrow, Miss White, Miss Williams, Mrs. Wood, Miss Wood and Mr. Ziller.

BLUE AND BLACK.

## 'Varsity Chat.

THE corridors and lecture rooms are deserted, and the professors of the University are taking a rest after the work of the first session. The students began to leave early in the week, but many were kept till Wednesday who would have left earlier. The Registrar's action this year in refusing railroad certificates to students before Wednesday comes in for general disapproval. Many students have been held here on this account long after their lectures ceased, and no reason can be given for this arbitrary action, not even the expectation of raising funds, as the railways are the only gainers, since many left without the certificates, thereby paying higher rates.

The Athletic Association has reduced the Gymnasium fee for the next term to two dollars and fifty cents, exclusive of lockers. This action is taken with a view to increasing the membership and the funds of the institution.

The special illustrated Christmas 'Varsity has proved a great success. The extra copies have gone off exceedingly well and the students generally vote the Christmas 'Varsity a good thing. The illustrations consist of cuts of Hon. Edward Blake, Sir Daniel Wilson, President London and Dean De Lury, and athletic students are gratified at seeing two splendid cuts of George Orton and "Watty" Thompson. George Orton now sports the red and blue of the University of Pennsylvania, and Watty Thompson is a dignified medical man now in Orillia, but 'Varsity boys will not give them up. They still count them as old students of 'Varsity. The cover of the Christmas number is a beautiful piece of work, embracing a magnificent cut of the University across the top, and also cuts of the Library, Victoria, School of Science, Knox and the Biological Building, all in blue ink. The literary matter is of special character, dealing with University matters to a certain extent, but also embracing several original stories and pieces of poetry. While the issue is a credit to the 'Varsity, it is hardly as light and pleasing in tone as a Christmas number of a college paper should be. The articles are too much of the essay order, too heavy and literary, but beyond this objection little improvement could be wished for. It is to be hoped that the success of the venture will induce future managements to follow the good precedent.

At the last meeting of the Literary Society the government was defeated and the opposition, under the leadership of Mr. B. A. C. Craig, will occupy the government benches next session.

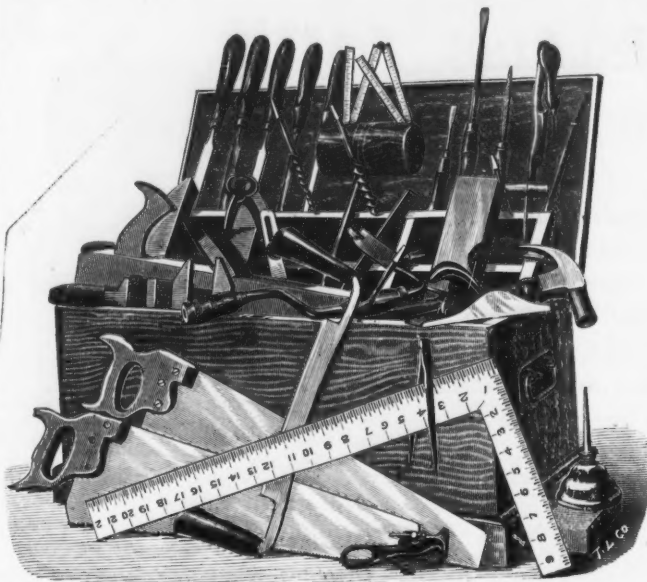
The annual inter-collegiate debate with McGill is to take place on January 26. The speakers to represent 'Varsity will be J. H. Brown and S. J. McLean, with K. D. McMillan as reader and E. F. Langley as essayist for the evening. The debate will take place here this year, as last year it was held in Montreal.

At the meeting of the Women's Residence Committee last week much business was transacted, chiefly of an organizational character. The scheme is progressing satisfactorily, though its claims upon the citizens should guarantee stronger support even than it is receiving. In Hamilton strong efforts are being put forth to establish a women's university with a residence attached, worth \$1,000,000, to accommodate one hundred and twenty boarders. A similar project is being advanced in Montreal.

A meeting of the Engineering Society was held last Monday evening, in the School of Science, to consider the founding of a monthly Engineering journal to publish the essays read before the society and to give news of the science graduates and the general articles of interest to science students.

The marriage of one of 'Varsity's best known

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lady graduates is announced this week. Miss Madge Robertson, the first lady graduate to gain the degree of M.A., was married to Dr. A. F. Watt of Victoria, B.C., on Thursday last. Dr. Watt during his undergraduate career was one of the best known men in residence and was a prominent Rugby man. Miss Robertson has occupied an enviable place in the literary world by her connection with many of our leading papers and magazines, and lately by her position on the staff of *Frank Leslie's Weekly*.

Wycliffe's Literary Society held a successful public debate on Friday evening of last week in the college hall. Hon. Richard Harcourt presided. A quartette was given by Misses Hession and Langstaff, and Messrs. Robinson and Lee. Songs and recitations were rendered by Messrs. H. N. Shaw, B. A., F. W. Lee and Walter H. Robinson. The debate was on the question that Prohibition is the Best Solution of the Liquor Problem. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. R. A. Robinson and G. F. Hockley, and the negative by Messrs. E. K. Molony and R. J. Carson.

The University Glee Club and Banjo and Guitar Club have completed their annual tour, and it has been a most successful one. Monday evening was spent in Lindsay, followed by concerts each successive evening in Belleville, Kingston, Ottawa and Peterboro'. In Ottawa the club appeared under the patronage of Lord and Lady Aberdeen. The trip has been a most enjoyable one and highly successful in every respect, and the club maintained its reputation for good musical ability and taste. AARON.

## Short Stories Retold.

Two gentlemen who were playing cards at a New York club house were very much annoyed by other members who stood behind their chairs and interested themselves in the game. Finally one of the players asked one of the spectators to play the hand for him until he returned. The spectator took the cards, whereupon the first player left the room. Pretty soon the second player followed the example of the first. The two substitutes played for some time, when one of them asked the waiter where the two original players were. "They are playing cards in the next room," was the waiter's reply.

A German professor was remarkably absent-minded. Whenever he was very busily engaged in his studio solving some abstract problem, his wife was in the habit of bringing him his dinner. His favorite dish was pancakes and molasses. One day his wife brought him a large pancake and jug of molasses, and went down in the kitchen. Pretty soon she heard the professor ring the bell. "Why is it, Gretchen, that you bring me nothing to eat except molasses? Why have you brought me no pancake?" asked the absent-minded professor. "Ach, Himmel!" exclaimed his wife, "you have tucked the pancake around your neck, thinking that it was a napkin."

A man, whose reputation for honesty was a little rocky, on going home from his work one night came across a pile of planks which somebody had unloaded by the roadside, and he couldn't overcome the impulse to steal the top plank. He knew it wouldn't do to go through the village and thus expose the theft, and so he struck across lots. In the growing dusk he wandered into a bog hole and sank into the mire. The more he struggled to extricate himself the deeper he sank, until at last, alarmed for his safety, he called for help. His cries soon brought a neighbor with a lantern, who enquired what was the matter. "Well," said the man, "I was in a hurry to get home to-night, and so I took my way across the swamp and I

got into this bog. The more I tried to get out the deeper I got in. Finally I went back up the road and got this plank to see if I couldn't manage to get myself out with that."

There lived in DeWitt County, Texas, an old gentleman whose family consisted of a single daughter and himself. He was a man of habits rather peculiar; he was tricky and rather slow. He had a large farm which he kept rented, except twenty or thirty acres which he kept for his own use. He grew as much cotton as he could cultivate and sometimes he hired hands, particularly strangers. In the fall of 1890 his cotton opened so rapidly he was compelled to hire it picked out. He hired two young men (tramps) to pick cotton, for which he had to pay them \$1 per hundred pounds. They picked from four to five thousand pounds of cotton, when the old man gathered from the plantation a lot of cotton and went to market. He returned with a good sum of money. After supper they all retired to the sitting-room, where there was a comfortable fire. He hauled out his money and placed it in a pocket-book, saying to the men: "We will settle with you in the morning. Here, daughter, put this pocket-book in the trunk." The young men stepped out before retiring. Quick as thought the old gent slipped the greenbacks out and quite as adroitly put a roll of Confederate money in the pocket-book and carefully replacing the book in the trunk, he and his daughter retired for the night, leaving the apartment for the young tramps to occupy. Next morning the pocket-book, Confederate money, tramps and all were gone, and the latter never returned to collect for the cotton picking. — *Texas Siftings*.

A woman is never known to advertise for the return of stolen property "and no questions asked." She would ask questions or die.

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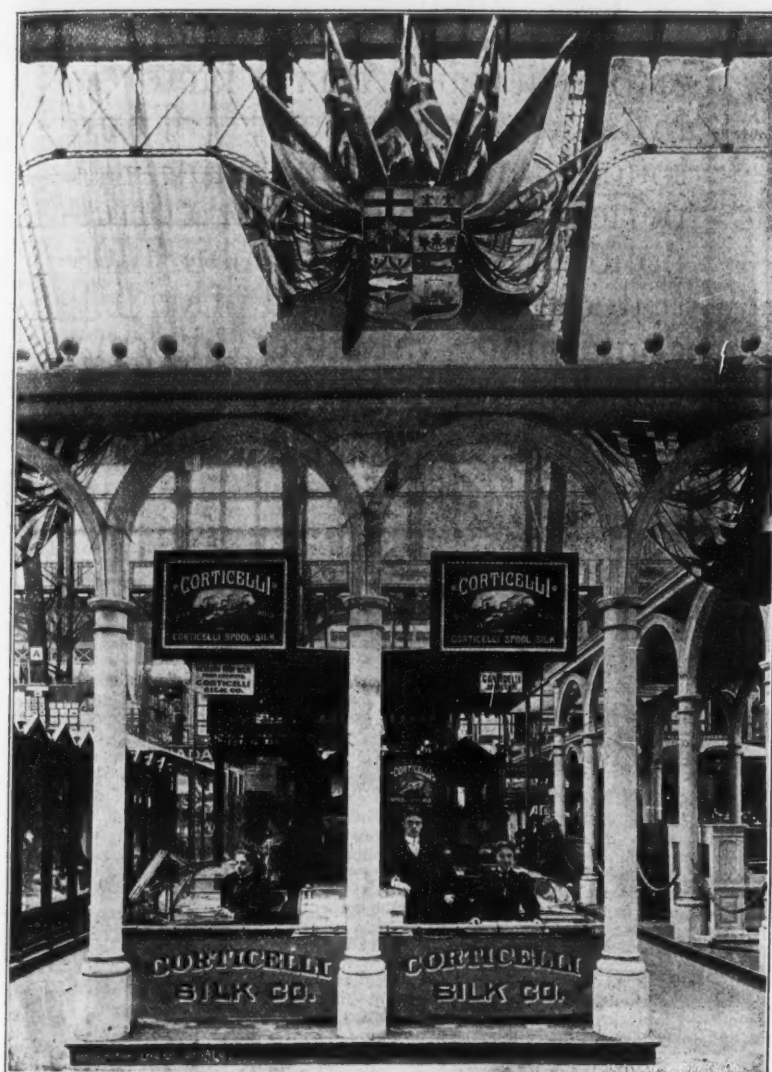
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD:  
"Mrs. John Gemmill, of this place, was thrown from a  
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### For The Boys And Girls.

#### A CHRISTMAS LETTER.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Of course you all know what a secret is, and you know how important it makes you feel when your friends and companions trust you with one. Now I am going to tell you a secret, one which I can confide in you, even although you are nearly all strangers to me. When your sisters or schoolmates impart a secret, the final injunction is sure to be, "Now, don't you ever tell it; you know you promised you would not." I shall not dwell upon the broken promise, often so lightly given, but hasten to tell you that my secret is to be different in that particular respect, for I shall not enjoin you to keep it all to yourself, but, on the contrary, to make free use of it at every opportunity. It is unlike other secrets in another respect also, those which lose their importance when a few people know them, for it gains in that delicious sense under those circumstances, and the more who find it out and the more extensively it is known, the greater the pleasure in it.

But you are anxious to hear the wonderful secret by this time, so I will tell you that it is the secret of true happiness, which is found in giving happiness to others. I think I hear some of you say, "Oh, pahaw! Is that all the secret you had to tell us? Why, I have heard that dozens of times from my parents and teachers. That is nothing new for me to hear." Now, I do not doubt but that many of you have often heard it before many have not. Some have heard it, but given it no attention; others have proved the truth of it by experiment. Now, boys and girls, I want you all to give it a fair trial. As children are not all deep thinkers, they are sometimes much benefited by a little advice, or a few suggestions from their elders, and as many of you may be anxious to test my secret, yet feel puzzled to know how, I intend to reveal a plan which can be adopted by as many of the little readers as have kindly hearts and willing hands, and kind parents to encourage them.

Listen, while I tell you. Christmas is coming, that happiest season of the year, when all young hearts beat high in anticipation of the handsome presents which kind friends bestow, not mentioning that good old man, Santa Claus, who so mysteriously fills the stockings with all manner of nice things. Then there is the Christmas tree entertainment, which your Sunday school teachers give you, and the festivities at home which your indulgent parents have provided. Oh, such lots of good cheer! I think I see the happy faces and hear the merry laughter as the stockings are emptied and the toys examined.

But now let me change the picture. There are poor little children who have no kind parents to give them presents, or even to kiss them on that happy day. There are others whose parents cannot afford to buy their children such luxuries as toys and candy, for a Christmas treat even. It takes all their money

to buy the necessities of life. Santa Claus, somehow, does not find his way into some such homes; perhaps he knows they have no stockings to hang up. The poor children cannot go to the Christmas tree, although their eyes would sparkle at the sight of one; they have no clothes to go anywhere, and the weather is so cold too. Do any of you know of any such? Just think a few minutes now, and see if there is not in all your circle of acquaintances the little boy or girl I have described.

Need I say any more? Is this hint sufficient to set the boys and girls who read this thinking seriously over the matter and deciding that they will endeavor to add to someone's happiness?

Little girls, especially those who have wealthy parents and luxurious homes, have you any dresses, coats, hats, boots, or gloves, that you have outgrown, or have been laid aside for a newer style? Will they fit mamma's washerwoman's little girl? Is there any poor little schoolmate who comes shivering to school these cold days with bare hands and neck, her little cheeks blue with the cold winter frost and wind?

Do you know any little girl whose very best doll is an old rag one, and will you believe me if I tell you that your very oldest china or wax dolly, with the hands and feet broken, or minus the greater part of its hair, would be a perfect beauty in her eyes? The remnants of your old broken set of dishes would be as highly prized as your mamma's set of silverware, and she would be prouder of the remaining bits of broken furniture in your doll's house than you were when they were brought home new to you. Look through your cast-off toys, spare as many as you can, and do not forget that a picture book is a fairy dreamland to children who cannot get them. Share some of the candy, nuts, raisins and figs with someone whom you feel confident received none. The rest will taste all the sweeter for your self denial. Ask permission to carry a cake apiece over to that neighbor's house where there are six children and no Santa Claus.

And now a few words to the boys and I have finished. I have seen little boys whose happiness would be complete if they could only call a big glass ally "their very own," an old knife with one blade would be a treasure, while a horse or dog that could run on wheels would be worth a miser's gold to them. Look through your tool boxes, fix up that old express wagon with the broken wheel, see if you have any balls or marbles to spare, and do not forget to give little Johnnie Brown that suit of clothes you wore two years ago and which only requires a patch on the knee and sleeve to render them fit for him to go to the entertainment. And now, how many are going to try the success of the secret? I wish I could hear ten thousand "I wills" respond. What a glorious Christmas some would have! What a host of happy hearts there would be! The recipients



would be filled with joy and gratitude! The givers, well, it would be impossible for me to describe their feelings; just try it and you will experience the delightful result of doing good to others, and that will be better than any attempt of mine to tell you.

If any of you pronounce it a failure, after giving it a fair trial, perhaps the kind editor will grant you space in the columns of his valuable paper to inform me so, and I have no doubt he will be pleased to hear from those who prove it a grand success. Wishing you all a blessing on your work, I remain, yours sincerely,

M. J. S.

#### Popularizing in North Carolina.

"On one of my electioneering tours in the mountains," remarked a member of Congress from North Carolina, who wears good clothes, "which was done on horseback, I carried in my saddle-bags four quarts of good, red liquor to use only in case of an emergency. I wasn't very popular in one election, and I thought I'd popularize a bit, so to speak."

"One evening I rode up to a store in front of

which sat a dozen natives, and when I told them who I was they did not seem at all enthusiastic over the news. I was to stay all night there, and as I passed through the store I heard one of the men say something about my being a dude, and loading up my horse with store clothes. A few minutes later I sent for him to come to my room, which was above the store-room, and I could see the crowd below from my window. When he came in he was awkward and suspicious, and I noticed him eying my plethoric saddle-bags on the bed. I talked with him on the political prospect and then opened the saddle-bags, took out the bottles, opened one and invited him to help himself. He was neither awkward nor suspicious in doing this, and the drink he took was enough to flush a sewer. It had a fine effect, too, for his manner changed visibly, and when he went out he was in great good humor. As he joined the crowd below they gathered around him, all curious.

"He ain't no dude," I could hear him say.

"Well, he'd better take in his sign," responded one of the others.

"What sign?"

"Them saddle-bags full of store clogs."

"My man fairly snorted."

"Them ain't clogs," he exclaimed. "Them's bottles uv red lickin', an' gents, we're fer him. You hear me, we're fer him," and half an hour later I had seen the enemy and they were mine, but my saddle-bags were empty."—*Detroit Free Press.*

#### Matrimonial Item.

A Chicago clergyman having performed the marriage ceremony for a couple, undertook to write out the usual marriage certificate; but being in doubt as to the day of the month, he asked:

"This is the ninth, is it not?"

"Why, parson," said the blushing bride, "you do all my marrying, and you ought to remember that this is only the fifth."—*Ex.*

A celebrated manager is on the hunt for a new curiosity for his show. He is trying to find a young married man whose wife can cook as well as his mother did. Twenty-six States have thus far been explored without success.



